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"THE GOLDEN MEANE."

By BERTRAM G. THEOBALD, B.A.

SOME little time ago Mr. A. G. Moffat of Swansea, a member of the Bacon Society for many years, drew my attention to a charming little book entitled *The Golden Meane*, a copy of which he had secured. From internal evidence he suspected this of being written by Francis Bacon; and after close inspection I became convinced that he was right, and that this is one of the numerous anonymous publications put forth by Bacon from time to time during his literary career. Accordingly I think it will interest readers of BACONIANA to have a short account of this little volume.

At the British Museum I found that the first edition appeared in 1613, and the second, much enlarged, in 1614. The third edition of 1638 is not there, but is the one in Mr. Moffat's possession. The title-page of the first edition says: *The Golden Meane*: Lately written, as occasion served, to a great LORD; and it further says: "Discoursing the Noblenesse of perfect Virtue in extreames." It was "Printed for Jeffery Chorlton." We may notice, to begin

with, the typically Baconian habit of writing advice to others; while the very title, *The Golden Meane*, would easily occur to one whose family motto was *Mediocria firma*. The Dedication was "To the onely best worthie" and there was an Address "To the best worthy Reader." This double use of the word "worthy" rather suggests that the volume was intended to be read by the Freemasons of that day, who would know how to read between the lines and discover the many secret hints therein.

The second edition of 1614 states with regard to the book "As it was formerly written to the Earle of Northumberland," and adds the very strange remark, "Enlarged by the first Authour." What does this mean? Why not say "Second edition revised and enlarged," or some such phrase? No editor would venture to increase the size of a book by one half, without explanation, and therefore readers would assume in any case that the additions were by the author. Besides, nothing in the book itself suggests that more than one hand was concerned in the writing. I will revert to this point later. At the end of the Dedication there appear the following words, set apart from the text:

Bene vixit, qui bene latuit:

Nam

*Honeste sapit qui non servivit
malo publico.*

The first line of this immediately calls to mind John Owen's epigram:

Ad D.B.

Si bene vivit quit bene latuit, tu bene vivis,

which is often thought, and reasonably so, to be addressed to Bacon—"Ad Dominum Baconum"; and the interesting point is that Owen's epigram was published in this very year 1614. I do not think we can attribute the authorship of *The Golden Meane* to Owen; but supposing Bacon had just seen this epigram, either in MS. or in print, the thought might well occur to him to insert a modified version of it in this little volume which was then being "enlarged by the first Authour." At any rate, we have a very striking allusion to the value of a concealed life.

Now let me give some extracts from the book.

Here is the Dedication as it stands in the 1638 edition.

SIR: (as for any other Nobler Titles they are but separable accidents) if Vertue be not too partially overswayed by Fortune, I have here cast into a small Volume a large summe of love. Such a love as is rather warranted by a dutiful observance than any shadow of Complement. I may one day open my selfe, when either opinion is without ears, or suggestion without eyes. Here you may view and reade Vertue personated in moderation; here you may know and prove Moderation to be the life of Vertue. Be a president to your selfe what you should be, as you are a president to others of what you are. It sufficeth me *that I mask* in the true simplenesse of a loyall honestie, and there shal no time steale from my remembrance, wherein I will faile to witnesse the payment of a due debt of thankfulnessse to one principally great in being Nobly stiled in his owne worthinesse.

To my ear this has a very Baconian ring, quite apart from the remark that the author may one day open himself, and that he “*masks in the true simplenesse*” a phrase which may well bear a double meaning.

Now let us note a few quotations, taken almost at random, which seem to confirm this view of the authorship.
Page 14. “It behoveth then a Noble and wise man so to order the frame of his minde, that in what Sun-shine of greatnesse soever hee bee, hee may ever expect a storm to overcloud his eminence. And this is to be done by judiciously examining, what the greatest temporall blessings approved by the vulgar opinion, in their owne properties are, and how subject to monthly, daily, hourelly alteration.”

Page 16. “Prosperity and adversity are not by long times often sundred; for sometimes is scant an houres difference betweene a Throne and a Cottage; whereby all men may know that the condition of every man is changeable; and the wise may know that whatsoever may happen to another, may happen to himselfe.”

Page 40. “Nothing is left therefore to a man borne to

live, but a stayed and a sure resolution to be armed to die. In which he is to care, not where he shall die, or in what manner, or in what estate, but that hee must die, and in what minde, and in what memorable vertues."

Page 48. "It is many times seen that those who lead their lives according to the measure of their will and power, doe not measure their will and power according to the frailty of their lives; yet certainly they lead an evill life, who are still beginning to live, for that life is ever unperfect which hath learned but the first only rule to goodnesse."

Page 53. "It is one thing to doe well, and another thing to continue to doe well: for it is not enough to be a good man, unlesse hee be a good man, still."

Page 61. "Disfavour is usually knowne, according to the opinion of the multitude, by the name of disgrace; for it is a certaine assurance (as the received vanitie of the common error reputeth) that how deare soever a great or worthy person hath beene to the bosomes and counsels of his Sovereigne, yet if in any measure there bee but a dayes, or an houres intermission of that royall love, then straight such a favourite is esteemed disgraced; and which is a more strange madnesse, if the Prince having out of his affection exalted some one or other to place and titles of Honour, yet if some person be not ever rising to more and more Honours, hee is accounted to stand by little and little in the rancke of a disgraced *Courtier*."

Page 67. "He is surely happie, and not farre from a blessing, no not far from a blessednesse, who can say to himselfe, *I am true, and time shall not blemish mee; I will be in my truth approved, and time cannot wrong me; If I live, my truth shall bring mee with peace to my death, when I die, my steddinesse shall give immortality to my life.* Here, to such a man (that can thus say) is securitie in the conscience, wisdom in living, noblenesse in death."

Page 71. "For many times it is commonly seene, that where Nature hath failed in some parts of the outward man, shee hath oftentimes supplied those wants with a pre-gnancie of minde."

Page 91. “And (most lamentably) are places of Authority rent from the administration of perfect *Wisedome*, and perfect *Noblenesse*, to be conferred on those, who are *only wise, because thought so, and only Noble, because made so.*”

Page 100. “*Violence in judgement, and wilfulnesse in error*, like two untamed Heifers, draw them and their best knowledges quite contrary wayes. In so much as often their voyces dissent from their meaning, and most often their hearts from their voyces.”

Page 134. “It is often seene that sundry persons for rarities sake, and morall instruction in complement, or in behaviour, willingly sometimes travell into forren Lands, and there spend their time for three, six, ten yeares or more, with great delight taking pleasure and content in so growing old: Even so in like manner, let a good man resolve himself that this hard word of *Banishment* is but a journey of pleasure into some outlanding country, not proposing or limitting to the mind a time of comming backe, but always minding some fit imployment why he should goe: as if hee were but Ambassadour from his own to some unknowne Prince:”

Page 162. “If a Noble or a Wise man, after disfavour of his Prince, neglect of his Countrey, forfeiture of his Estate, banishment from his Friends, imprisonment of his Person, or any other esteemed extreames bee threatned with the losse of his head, or execution in any manner, certainly he hath great cause to rejoyce; for hee is not worthy to see any end of his sorrowes, who is not prepared to meet it with a merry heart.”

Page 176. “To be wise, and to be Noble, are two distinct happinesses; as different and as much divided the one from the other (though some few times they meet in one particular) as *Goodnesse* and *Greatnesse*, as *Fortune* and *Vertue*, as a *King* and a *Tyrant*. There are many *Noble*, which are strangers to *Wisedome*: but not any *Wise*, who is not allyed to *Noblenesse*.”

Page 182. (the conclusion of the book). “Wisdom informes the minde, and Noblenesse commends the actions: insomuch as every one who can act wisely, and deliberate

nobly, squaring his resolution in resolved steadinesse to both fortunes, may of merit bee inrolled amongst the memorable: and bee remembred by the desertfull to bee truly wise, because Noble: to be perfectly Noble, because wise."

It is surely evident that Francis Bacon was the writer of all this. Thought and language alike proclaim the fact. The penetrating observations on the uncertainty of royal favours (and there are many similar passages) may well have come from his own experience of Court life; and it is not without interest to note that the author's views on travel in foreign countries, whether this were to be voluntary or as a result of banishment, were penned at least as early as 1614. It would not be surprising, therefore, if Bacon really did plan a mock decease in 1626, the assumed date of his death, as some students believe, and then became a voluntary exile abroad for the remainder of his life. Such a decision would be quite in harmony with the opinions expressed in this little treatise.

Having now, as I suggest, established a reasonable probability that *The Golden Meane* issued from Bacon's fertile brain, it is desirable to see whether this volume is ear-marked with the usual Baconian devices in cryptography, thus confirming the argument from internal evidence of a literary nature. I cannot give this in detail, since there is a considerable quantity, but a few characteristic specimens may be adduced.

On the title-page of the first edition there are several significant acrostics. For example, if we examine the phrase "Latelly written, as occasion served, to a great Lord," we find:

First letters of these words (S)=103=Shakespeare (S).

Last letters of these words (K)=187=Prince of Wales (R),

thus revealing at one stroke the two great secrets of the true author's life. Or if we test the words "Discoursing the Noblenesse of perfect Virtue in extreames," we have:

First letters of these words (K)=177=William Shakespeare (S). Readers of BACONIANA will know that

(S) means "in Simple Cipher"; (R) means "in Reverse Cipher," and (K) means "in K Cipher," the three numerical codes which the author used-systematically in all his works.

Even more significant than this is the revelation given by those curious words, "Enlarged by the first Authour," appearing in the second and third editions. Analysis of them shows:

First letters of these words	(S)= 33=Bacon (S).
Ditto	(R)= 92=Bacon (R).
by the first Authour	(R)=200=Francis Bacon(R)
the first Authour	(S)=200=Francis Bacon (R)
Enlarged by the first	
Authour	(K)=600=Francis Bacon (R)
	three times over.

We now see exactly why that phrase was used, since it disclosed the identity of the author beyond all reasonable doubt. This is a typical instance of Baconian methods.

It should also be mentioned that Mr. Moffat had some correspondence with the late Dr. H. A. W. Speckman, the Dutch Mathematician, on the cryptography of this book, and Dr. Speckman produced some interesting results from his investigations. As might be expected, they add to and confirm my own findings.

The beautiful engraving here reproduced appears only in 1638, when the third edition was published; and as this was executed by William Marshall, who designed the elaborate title-page to the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*, for example, we may feel tolerably sure he was in the authorship secret. This engraving for *The Golden Meane* is full of cryptography, whether devised by Marshall or not.

In BACONIANA, 1679, Archbishop Tenison wrote: "And those who have true skill in the Works of the Lord *Verulam*, like great Masters in Painting, can tell by the *Design*, the *Strength*, the *way of Colouring*, whether he was the Author of this or the other Piece, though his Name be not to it." We have now had an opportunity of testing our skill in this direction. Have we succeeded?

BEN JONSON'S "POET-APE."

By HENRY SEYMOUR.

"No lie ever grows old."—*Euripides*.

IN his account of *Ben Jonson* (Macmillan's English Men of Letters), Mr. G. Gregory Smith notes that "in his more casual mood Jonson threw off a large number of satirical snatches in epigrammatic form. . . . Some of the personalities in which he indulges have a biographical value, and some of the topics which occur most frequently bear directly on his literary relationships. For example, he writes three on 'Playwright,' one on 'Poet-Ape,' which, since Chalmers' silly suggestion that Shakespeare is glanced at, has innocently encouraged the Shakonian heresy." What exactly is intended to be conveyed by "the Shakonian heresy" is not plain, unless it is a skit on *The Baconian Heresy* by the late Mr. J. M. Robertson. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith's stricture on Mr. George Chalmers is not wanting in directness, for, as early as 1808, the "silly suggestion" that Jonson's epigram (LVI) was intended as a lampoon on Shakespeare was shewn to be without justification by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist in a pamphlet entitled *An Examination of the Charges Maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and Others, of Ben Jonson's Enmity, &c., towards Shakespeare*.

That Jonson was bold and uncompromising in his criticism of the poetasters of his generation is not to be denied; that he had some detractors in his own day is not to be wondered at; for those who came under his satirical lash of correction experienced the smart, which doubtless aroused their personal animosity and resentment. Webster, a contemporary, was not one of these, but a chastiser, for he wrote:—

"Detraction is the sworn friend of ignorance. For mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of

other men's worthy labours, especially of that free and heightened style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson," etc. And John Davies, in his *Scourge of Folly*, replies to the charge of envy in Ben, that such censurers must have corrupted hearts.

"Thou art sound in body, but some say, thy soule
 Envy doth ulcer; yet corrupted hearts
 Such censurers must have."

It is curious, and at the same time significant, that it was not until the 18th Century that Shakespearean editors and commentators set out to deliberately injure Jonson's reputation, representing (or rather misrepresenting) him as spitefully envious of any contemporary rival who had the temerity to challenge his supremacy as a dramatic poet; and that, at least in the early part of his career, he had scandalously contemned "the immortal bard" himself.

Among the earliest of these detractors was Mr. Nicholas Rowe, who, in his first "Life of Shakespeare" described Jonson as proud and insolent by nature, looking with envy on anyone who appeared to stand in his way. It must be added to Rowe's credit, however, that on making further and fuller enquiries, he withdrew those charges, as wanting in contemporary proof or historical evidence. Not so Messrs. Malone and Chalmers, who persisted in pressing them, probably to sustain their damaged credit. Mr. Malone professed to have "discovered the earliest intimation of the quarrel between him (Jonson) and Shakspeare" in that contemporary literary curiosity, *The Return from Parnassus*, in which an imaginary dialogue between Burbage and Kempe, fellow actors of Shakspeare, takes place. And it is only on this flimsy fabric, which is obviously burlesque, that Malone supports the fiction of Jonson's enmity with the author of the plays. The interlocutors are supposedly preparing to entertain the students of Cambridge with "a spice of the vanity of their art."

Burbage.—Now, Will Kempe, if we can entertain these scholars at a low rate, it will be well, they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.

212 Ben Jonson's "Poet-Ape."

Kempe.—It is true, indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud; and, besides, it's good sport in a part to see them never speak in their walk, but at the end of the stage; just as though in walking with a fellow, we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a comedy in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.*

Burbage.—A little teaching will mend these faults; and it may be, besides, they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe.—Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why here's our fellow Shakspeare put them (the University poets) all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit.

Burbage.—It's a shrewd fellow indeed.

In this rigmarole, Kempe (who was the dancing clown of Burbage's company and the original "nine days' wonder") bewrays his own credit in calling Metamorphosis a writer; and his mention of Horace having given the poets a pill undoubtedly is an allusion to Jonson's *Poetaster*. The "purge" said to have been administered to Jonson by "Shakspeare" is almost equally certain to be an allusion to the *Satiro-mastix* of Dekker. Kempe, in his blissful ignorance, had probably mixed up the two authors (as many have since) as he mixed up Ovid and his book, which shews plainly that he was talking nonsense. "In what manner Shakspeare put Jonson down, or made him bewray his credit, does not appear," as Mr. Malone ingenuously confesses, but his *imagination* fills in the picture. "His

* Dekker, in his *Satiro-Mastix*, makes one of his characters say: "it's cakes and pudding to me to see his face make faces when he reads his songs and sonnets," which is obviously a skit at Jonson's habit of changing his facial expression whilst reading aloud. Nevertheless, the Duchess of Newcastle has reported her husband's opinion that "he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson, and yet he hath heard many in his time."

retaliation," he continues, "we may be well assured, contained no gross or illiberal abuse; and, perhaps, did not go beyond a ballad or an epigram, which may have perished with things of greater consequence."

One would have thought that Jonson's magnificent eulogy of the AUTHOR of the plays, prefixed to the First Folio, which Farmer described as the warmest panegyric that was ever written, would have closed the mouths of these slanderers.

"After manifesting some uneasiness," says Mr. Gilchrist, "at the superior sagacity of the commentators, in discovering instances of Ben's enmity, Mr. Chalmers is resolved to 'out-Herod Herod' and finds that Jonson's epigram on 'Poet-Ape' was intended as a lampoon on Shakspeare. Thus:

POOR POET-APE, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief,
As we the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
B[ut] the reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own
And told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first; and aftertimes
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool, as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece?

With much self-complacency, Mr. Chalmers observes on these verses, 'the eye must be blind indeed, if it do not see that Shakspeare was the Poet-Ape of Ben Jonson.' "

It is a sad reflection on the moral turpitude, both of Mr. Malone and of Mr. Chalmers, despite their many signal and industrious labours in the field of early dramatic literature, that they should have gone out of their way to cast unjustifiable odium on a poet of Jonson's eminence, as well as to withhold honour where honour was due; and for no other earthly reason than to bolster up the Stratfordian fiction of authorship, of which they were doubtless conscious that Jonson, who was certainly in a position to know, was at best an uncertain witness. Be that as it may,

214 Ben Jonson's "Poet-Ape."

it is quite certain that the epigram of Jonson's contains nothing to suggest that it was directed to Shakespeare, notwithstanding Mr. Chalmers' superior vision in seeing what is not there.

"The open and avowed quarrel of Jonson and Dekker," says Mr. Gilchrist, "might have suggested the probability of its being levelled at him, and have incited inquiry into the resemblance from internal evidence; but the truth is, Mr. Chalmers had not read the *Poetaster* of Ben, or he would have found in the Prologue to that satire, that Dekker was the *poet-ape* of Jonson; and a perusal of the drama would have confirmed the fact past question. The epigram in question seems to have irritated Crispinus not a little: numberless allusions to epigrams, made by Jonson on Dekker, occur in the *Satiro-mastix* of the latter, and he appears to have smarted severely under the lash. To put that on 'poet-ape' completely out of doubt, as far as concerns Shakspeare, it is only necessary, once for all, to observe, that so severely was Dekker stung by this very epigram, that he could not conceal the pain which it inflicted; and the last speech of Crispinus in *Satiro-mastix* thus manifests the poet's throes from these unfortunate lines:

That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be poet-apes but you."

The *Satiro-mastix* of Dekker was a satirical counterblast to Jonson's *Poetaster*, in which both Marston and Dekker were caricatured. That Jonson, in the early days of his dramatic career, collaborated with Dekker is borne out by some entries in Henslowe's Diary, but the partnership was short-lived. The cause of quarrel was due, it seems, to Dekker having repeatedly appropriated Jonson's conceits and getting them passed off as his own,—a theft which the superior genius of Jonson could not brook. His epigram (C) unquestionably, also, points to Dekker.

PLAYWRIGHT, by chance, hearing, some toys I'd writ,
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit:
And I must now believe him; for to-day,
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a play.

The incoherent opinions of the commentators relating to the Poet-Ape epigram are no less amusingly exemplified in their presumptive identifications of Jonson's subjects of censure in the *Poetaster*. On the credit of an alleged statement, in the so-called *Conversation* between Jonson and Drummond, that the former wrote the *Poetaster* on Marston, most of the editors of Jonson have taken Drummond's statement on trust and repeated it, one after the other, as gospel: even the latest editors, Professor Herford and Percy Simpson, re-echo the statement and assume the identity of Marston with *Crispinus*. Fleay warns his readers to "beware of a most absurd identification of *Shakspeare* as *Crispinus*, which had been put forward by Mr. J. Feis in his *Shakspeare and Montaigne*. And Mr. G. C. Bompas (a Baconian) tells us that neither Marston nor Dekker was aimed at in the *Poetaster*, as neither were actors; and that *Shakspeare* the actor was plainly indicated in the character of *Crispinus*, on the flimsy ground that the word "ape" was sometimes used by Jonson to refer to an actor; notwithstanding the hyphenated word "poet-ape" in the present connection, which he apparently overlooked.

Even Gilchrist, at the beginning of the 19th Century, suspected the Jonson and Drummond *Conversation* to be a forgery, for he says: "These Conversations are found in a worthless edition of Drummond's Works, printed at Edinburgh, in folio, in 1711; and if the relation is genuine (*italics mine*), it will leave an indelible stamp of disgrace on the reputation of the recorder. Those who remember the remarks of Dr. Johnson on the publication of the posthumous works of the demagogue, Lord Bolingbroke, by Mallett, will not fail to apply them on the present occasion."

The origin of this so-called *Conversation* between Jonson and Drummond is shrouded in mystery and uncertainty.* It originally appeared in a very abbreviated form in a posthumous edition of Drummond's Works, as before

* See *Jonson and Drummond: their conversation*, by Charles Lewis Stainer, M.A., 1923.

216 Ben Jonson's "Poet-Ape."

stated, in 1711. And notwithstanding the numerous errors of fact which it is impossible to suppose could have been uttered by Jonson, these 'notes' have been credulously accepted by most of Jonson's biographers without question. Mr. David Laing, about a century later, set out in an attempt to discover an original script of the 'Notes' in the handwriting of Drummond himself amongst the Drummond manuscripts, but without any success. It is a curious thing that, some time after, he 'discovered' a much more lengthy 'copy,' or presumed transcript, of the Drummond notes, amongst the manuscripts of Sir Robert Sibbald, an antiquarian, and only in Sibbald's handwriting. This was hailed with delight (as proof of authenticity of the so-called Drummond notes) by the Stratfordians, and was soon after printed, as a separate publication, by the old Shakespearean Society, with the assistance of Mr. Laing's 'esteemed' friends, Mr. J. Payne Collier and Mr. Peter Cunningham (both officials of the Society), and now recognized as notorious forgers of Shakespearean documents. In a word, no original of Drummond's has ever yet been found, and, as Mr. Stainer says, 'nor will be, for it never existed.'

In conclusion, if Mr. Chalmers had been able to establish as a fact that Jonson's 56th Epigram related to Shakspeare (the actor), it would have been an easy stage to the further assumption that he was a person of some little importance in the theatrical life of the time, and by implication, the author of the great plays. In the midst of all this literary chicanery and assumptions the Stratfordian myth was born; for there is no contemporary evidence that anyone believed the actor to be the author, and Jonson least of all. It is also manifest that Jonson was amongst the select friends who shared Bacon's secret of authorship; and by the nature of the case, he was involved in an elaborate mystification, which sometimes makes it difficult to understand the apparently contradictory character of some of his utterances. But his less obscure allusions to Bacon in *Discoveries* reveal all to 'the understanding reader.'

THE MYSTERY OF THE FOLIO PRINTER: A REVIEW.*

By RENNIE BARKER.

WHO was William Jaggard and how did he come to print the First Folio?

In his book, Professor Edwin Willoughby relates some startling facts about W. Jaggard, his association with Francis Bacon, and the struggle in the trade between the privileged Stationers' Company and the poorer printers. Holding a monopoly granted by Elizabeth, the gild would naturally safeguard its members' own interests by taking care not to publish books unless they were inoffensive to the Government.

On the other hand, because the most profitable work was given to gild members, printers outside the gild might be tempted to print doubtful books. In fact, in 1582, owing to the oppression caused by the monopolies, a secret organisation of the poorer printers, led by John Wolf, became so troublesome that the gild decided to conciliate it by assigning certain of their "copies" for the use of the unprivileged printers.

In 1618 John Jaggard assumed the leadership of the poorer stationers against the Master, Wardens and Assistants, of the Company, whom he accused of giving privileges to strangers and men of other companies instead of to the poor members of their own Company who had a prior claim.

John Jaggard petitioned the Chief Justice, Sir Henry Montague, and the Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon, asking for their intervention in the matter. The petition was successful and on 10th May, 1618, Montague and Bacon ordered the officials of the Company to obey their own regulations. Five days later, Bacon wrote from York

* *A Printer of Shakespeare*, by Edwin J. Willoughby. Allen and Son. 21s.

218 Mystery of the Folio Printer.

House to reinforce his endorsement of the petition. The movement to aid the poorer printers appears to have been successful: at any rate, in the following year, 1619, John Jaggard was elected Underwarden of the Company.

This was by no means Bacon's only connection with the firm who afterwards printed the Folio, but to appreciate the new light thrown on their relationship, it is necessary briefly to trace the growth of Jaggard's own printing house.

William Jaggard was apprenticed in 1587 to Henry Denham, a printer of law books. He was famous for his ornamental work in initials, and he organised mass production in the latter's shop. Early in 1593 he commenced business for himself in a house in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet Street.

Close by, between the Inner Temple gates in Fleet Street, was Richard Tottell's establishment, the Hand and Star, where William's brother, John Jaggard, was employed.

Here is another important association between the Jaggards and Bacon. John Jaggard lived quite close to Bacon's house, and his master's son, William Tottell, was actually steward of Bacon's estates, some of the property being quite near his father's printing business. Later, this same William became a sixth clerk in Chancery.

A further link between the Jaggard's and Bacon was the printing of Bacon's Essays by John Jaggard, who was responsible for publishing four or five editions of these.

William Jaggard opened business later at the Barbican, where he printed many folios which afterwards became celebrated.

How he came to open this business appears to be something of a mystery. Extra capital would be required both for the business and in order to finance the printing of folio editions. Who provided this? Did Francis Bacon help? As we shall see, the publication of a folio was a commercial enterprise by no means unattended with risk.

How Jaggard came to print the First Folio of Shakespeare is a greater mystery. His entire career negatives the explanation sometimes advanced that he was printing

playbills in 1621 for the King's Company and that he was given the printing of the First Folio of Shakespeare because of associations with the players. The high cost of printing folio work necessitated its limitation to subjects of serious and permanent interest; theology, law, heraldry or medicine. The publication of a collection of plays, in so expensive a form, was probably considered a very hazardous undertaking by a member of the book trade. A young gallant of the Inns of Court, for example, could afford sixpence for a play readily enough, but he would think twice before he paid £1 for a volume of plays, plus 2/- for binding—that is, in present-day values, about £11 in all.

Precedent seemed to be against publishing such a volume. The cost of its production would be large, for it was required to be printed upon good paper: the owners of the copyright of the plays would also have to be satisfied. Donnelly tells us that the printing could not have cost less than £1,000 in our money.

Despite the popularity of the Shakespearean plays, a stationer might well reason that inasmuch as the publication of the collected works of England's most famous living dramatist, Ben Jonson, had not proved commercially successful, the issue, in collected form, of the plays of an author who had been dead for five years would be even more likely to prove an unprofitable undertaking.

However, about August, 1621, Jaggard began work upon the First Folio. The printing was held up in October of the same year, but evidently Jaggard had hoped speedily to complete it, for in John Bill's London edition of the Frankfort Book-fair, the Folio was advertised: "Playes written by M. William Shakespeare, all in one volume, printed by Isaack Jaggard in fol." Printing was recommenced in April or May, 1623.

While numbering the pages, Jaggard had to wait for copy, and this may account for part of the erratic pagination of the First Folio. On 8th November, the volume was taken to Dr. Thomas Worrall, St. Paul's Cathedral, for a license, and, as is well known, after this had been

220 Mystery of the Folio Printer.

obtained, the entry was made in the Register of the Stationers' Company.

It is difficult to state whether the First Folio sold well. Victor Hugo states that there were 300 copies in this edition: that only 48 of them were purchased in 50 years, and that the bulk was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Waters tells us that they were sold at £1 per copy.

On the other hand, as Professor Willoughby points out, a second edition was issued in 1632 by Thomas Cotes, who was Jaggard's second apprentice. This appears to indicate that the 1623 edition was a financial success.

No one of Shakespeare's kindred had anything to do with its publication or the cost thereof.

The men who put their money into the venture were, besides Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smithweeke and W. Apsley. Yet they, business men all, did not secure any title to the work and no one ever claimed interest or proprietorship.

The newly discovered facts relating to the First Folio thus lead away from Shakespeare and towards Francis Bacon as the writer of the plays.

SHAKE-SPEARE IN GERMANY.

By ALICIA A. LEITH.

FRANCIS BACON tells in his *Advancement of Learning* that he was sent abroad as a young man from the hand of his Sovereign, Elizabeth, "the Arbitress of Nations," the title she won for herself in History. She used him for secret political service in France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

His political work in France, effected under the wing of Sir Amyas Paulet, Her Majesty's Liege Ambassador in Paris, is to be found in State Records written by Paulet; but Francis Bacon's secret service throughout Germany has a certain light thrown upon it by two writings of his own, as some of us believe.

A tract, entitled *The States of Europe*, lays the States of Germany about the year 1580 open to view. It is to be found included in Bacon's Works, published in two volumes by Ball about 1860, and it deals in detail with the States of Germany, their topography, and their Princes, evidently by one who knows them personally.

Another document, which we shall discuss presently, is even more calculated to impress one with the conviction that here is a Diary written by Bacon himself, a Journal of his travel abroad,—the embryo statesman whom his Sovereign desires to educate for future use.

Bacon tells in his *Advancement of Learning* that Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of sending her budding councillors of State on European tours, to gather such experience of men and things as should be valuable hereafter to their Queen and country. It is important for us to notice that it was *incognito*, Bacon says, that they were to travel.

The Director of the Barberini Library of the Vatican, Rome, in which I was privileged to study, assured me that if young Francis Bacon travelled through Italy at his

222 Shake-speare in Germany.

Queen's command, he must needs have done so under the care and sheltering wing of some "Bear-Leader" in full knowledge of the language and habits of the countries through which they passed. The Protestantism of Bacon would make it dangerous also for him, unless he travelled with some sort of elderly and respected Catholic gentleman.

And now for the *Diary* that Francis Bacon again and again maintains it is the duty of travellers to keep. Where is it in this case? In the Vatican Barberini Library reposes a volume presented to me to read by the worthy German Director, now elected as Cardinal of Pius the Eleventh.

It is the Italian edition of a work entitled the *Journal de Montaigne en Italie par la Suisse et de l'Allemagne, 1580—1581*. The original work was only published late in the Eighteenth Century from a MS. found, hidden away, in a cypress chest, on the Estate of Montaigne in Perigord, a hundred years after the death of Montaigne. A mystery indeed is this Diary, written it is said partly by Michael D'Eyquem (Montaigne), Burgher of Bordeaux, and partly by a *secretary*. The Italian edition in the Vatican Library contains a foot-note by the learned editor, Alessandro d'Ancona;* Monsieur D'Estissac joins the party on tour at Beaumont-sur-Oise; the Editor here says he has not been able to identify this young man, whose suite includes five persons, his gentleman-in-waiting, valet, two lacqueys, two muleteers and two mules;—a Monsieur traveller of some importance, as it seems, bearing letters of introduction from King Henry III and Queen Catherine de Medici to their cousin, Francesco de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to the Prince of Ferrara, D'Este, requesting their courteous protection to this same young D'Estissac during his sojourn in their States. It seems strange that such a *protégé* of Royal France was not to be traced! In a personal interview with Senator Alessandro D'Ancona I

*Senator D'Ancona was the *honore e gloria* of Italian Literature, Vice-President of the Royal Academy of Science of Padua. D'Ancona's Renaissance, on Language, Theatre, and Poetry of Italy is "an imperishable monument to his honour."

made known to him my conviction that D'Estissac was the *incognito* political agent of Queen Elizabeth.

"Signorina Mia," said he, "there are many mysteries in this world, and this is one."

As there was not a shadow of opposition in his voice or manner, I feel justified still in believing that Michael D'Eyquem was the *Bear-Leader* and protector of Francis Bacon through Italy on his secret mission (who for the nonce went as Monsieur D'Estissac). D'Eyquem, not only to please his Royal Patrons of the Tuilleries, but because his friend, Anthony Bacon, had been a recent visitor at his Chateau at Perigord, made arrangements pecuniarily advantageous for himself.

Anthony Bacon, be it remembered, was at that time foreign "Intelligencer" of Queen Elizabeth and Walsingham. We have only to compare the *States of Europe* and *Montaigne's Diary* to recognise them as penned by the same author. The Italian Journal I am not enlarging upon at this time, but it is the *States of Germany* described in detail within the pages of the Tract written by order of the Queen, Elizabeth, and entitled *The States of Europe*, that are engaging our attention.

The Italian Diary closes with our traveller crossing over the Mont Cenis into France, partly on horseback and partly in a *Chaise à Porteur*. *Ici on parle Français* are its last words. Passing through Strasbourg, on through Wurtemberg and so up to Saxony and Brunswick, Francis Bacon and his attending gentlemen valet and possibly lacqueys would not have had to make much of a *detour* to gain the coast, and enjoy a sail back to London.

We turn now to his *States of Europe*, and find him writing of Duke Julius of Wolfenbüttel and his country palace four miles out of the city of Brunswick, or Braunschweig, as the Germans have it. Bacon emphasises the fact that in Wolfenbüttel Julius owns a "strong Castle on the river Oker." Bacon's editor, Spedding, learned in his own estimation, corrects Bacon, and calls it the Oder; says "he must mean the Oder," which is certainly not true, for Bacon, having visited the spot without doubt, knows

a great deal more about it than Spedding. When Bacon wrote of the States of Germany in as much detail as he has done, we may rest assured his knowledge of them is not gained by hearsay, but by personal contact and experience. Duke Julius was the foremost of the Reformed School of Germany, and he and his worthy wife, Hedwig, were so pious that they eschewed all such worldly amusements as Stage Plays and Court Masques, and owned no courtly pleasures except a Joust or Tournament now and again, displayed about the walls of their Castle.

Francis Bacon, fresh from the wonderful Pastorals and Plays of Italy, and the native histrionic art of a Latin race, deplored the absence of it in Germany, but his official duty to his arrogant Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant Alliance must be attended to first—and was so attended to. The alliance with England must be cemented at all costs, and when Bacon emphasises in his Tract the fact of Julius owning a “strong” Castle, it suggests the young diplomat’s veiled message to his Sovereign that good Duke Julius of Hanover and Brunswick was strong in his Protestant Faith and valued his alliance with England’s Queen. Dear to good Julius and Hedwig was their eldest son, Heinrich Julius, reared from infancy in the service of a rigid theology. In the cloistered Halls of Helmstadt, a Protestant University founded by Duke Julius, he already, at twelve years old, disputed in Latin, triumphantly too, with the first theologians of his day. Did his father recall him from Liège, or another of his Colleges, to meet, for the sake of present and future advantage, the learned diplomat from England, whom that wonderful Queen of the Islands of the West had sent in all amity to cement friendship between their country and hers? Did young Heinrich, then fifteen or sixteen, enjoy that privilege, never to his dying day to be forgotten?

My proposition is this:

When the two young friends, Francis and Heinrich, paced the Castle’s courtyard together, under the whispering leaves of old Princess Kunigunde’s ancestral tree, Francis Bacon, already armed with Minerva’s Spear, and

vowed to shake it in the face of the ignorance of the whole world, Our Shake-speare, already the author of *Love's Labours Lost*, if not of *Romeo and Juilet*, certainly of *Venus and Adonis*, found his friend, Prince Heinrich Julius, a dramatist too, but a sad one.

"Stage Plays," he said, "are, according to my father and mother, neither Christian or princely." Here our Shake-speare must have smiled. "Promise me that you will plant a cradle here in your strong Castle of Wolfenbüttel on the Oker, for the first princely dramas in Germany, a cradle for the Novum Organum, the Theatre, The Stage, The Dramatic Art, that I, armed with Minerva's Spear and Pluto's Helmet vow to re-create in England for the regeneration of the world." And Heinrich Julius promised.

Is my proposition far fetched? Assuredly not.

A few short years, six at the most, and a new Prince reigned over Brunswick, Hanover, Luneberg, Celle, and Wolfenbüttel. That Prince was young Heinrich Julius. One of his first acts was to invite a company of English actors to visit his Court, to which he wished them attached, with authority and ability to present to his people of Germany the plays that recently made such a stir in London.

The courtly invitation was accepted, for history tells the actors arrived, equipped with the required Plays, and prepared also to present to the people of Germany the young Duke's Rosicrucian Dramas. It is the German author Semmler, I think, who gives us the information that Heinrich Julius was a Rosicrucian.

To what responsible quarter in England did the young Duke's invitation go? History does not say; but Spedding says that Bacon, a briefless barrister, was at this time employed in dramatic interests; in other words, was Queen Elizabeth's theatrical Impresario, producing Court Masques at her Palace of Greenwich, acting in them too, as Sir William Davenant tells. The Queen has just permitted a company of actors to be attached to her Service, under the title of "The Queen's Servants."

The Passport of the English actors despatched to Germany at this time is extant. It was issued by Lord Howard, who licensed five or six actors by name as instrumentalists, fiddlers, leapers, springers. These actors seem to have added agility to their histrionic art. The Castle grounds were now thrown open by the new Duke, Henrich Julius, to his own actors. It was quite *possible* that the wonderful plays, *Love's Labour's Lost* and the *early Romeo and Juliet*, were a trifle too highbrow for uncultured minds and ears, so there were always, at that time, in Germany as in London, *Interludes*. The Jester Clown, Pickle Herring, hump behind and paunch before, set the groundlings and nobles aroar; the point of his clever low comedy being gross feeding and drinking, the vice that Francis Bacon again and again in his writings finds Germans addicted to. The mirror was certainly held up to nature on the green sward of Wolfenbüttel's Castle on the Oker. Heinrich Julius's eleven stage Plays became popular in Germany, especially *Sussanah*, the one that proclaims him a Rosicrucian, as Semmler (isn't it?) tells us he was. Susan in Hebrew, and of course in esoteric Phœnicia, translates itself as *Rose*.

Shake-speare's Plays, their beauty, their truth, did more than become popular; they dazzled the eyes and cultured the minds of Germany at this time, as they were dazzling the eyes and culturing the mind of England, hitherto the victims only of a Bottom-the-Weaver kind of art—in Germany presented to the Nation by Monks and Schools. It is just this fact that in a way governs my Article "Shake-speare in Germany."

Germany to-day keenly appreciates the fact that Shake-speare has, from the first, cultured, educated and inspired it, just as England appreciates the fact that Shake-speare has cultured, educated and inspired it. It is this fact that makes Germany, like England, say Shake-speare is ours. But I go one step further; I claim that Germany has the right to say this, because Shake-speare in the flesh planted the German Stage in Wolfenbüttel,—our Shake-speare, Francis Bacon, not the Pickle Herring of Stratford.

In a work by the learned Librarian of Wolfenbüttel (the Augustinian Library whose first volumes from England were presented in the reign of Elizabeth), Herr Heinemann states that the Cradle of the German Stage was planted in Wolfenbüttel; Herr Heinemann looked me very seriously in the face and said, thirty years ago:

"I allow that you Baconians have proved Shaxper of Stratford did not write the Plays of Shake-speare," and, with a twinkle, added, "but not that Bacon did; but you are pioneers."

"And Excavators," I added.

Landgraf Moritz, of Hesse Nassau, was a fellow dramatist with his friend, Heinrich Julius, from whom he begged the loan of his English actors, when they could be spared. But, sad to say, their gorgeous velvet cloaks and satin doublets, gold lace and buttons, played havoc with Prince Moritz's exchequer, and History records that the English actors had to be dispensed with.

Among Graf Moritz's Latin plays acted at that time, *Sophronia Redivivus* and *Utopia* was the thriller. Now this play portrays the fortunes of one Eva von Trott, mistress of Duke Heinrich of Brunswick, father of Prince Julius, a story that would have been the talk of Wolfenbüttel during Francis Bacon's visit. To escape from a too unwelcome bondage, the lady Eva contrived a mock death and burial, left behind her a coffin full of stones in lieu of her fair dead self, and made a pleasant resurrection in a neighbouring castle, in which to live happily ever after.

Baconians, or some of them, believe that, forty years later, Francis Bacon, Lord St. Alban, escaped from Charles Stuart's impossible reign by exactly the same means employed by Fraulein Eva von Trott. It is believed that Bacon, by the method of a mock death, fled abroad for peace and safety in which to continue his work; and, here comes an eye-opener, for the haven Francis Bacon chose, when he possibly left behind him a coffin of stones or manuscripts, was Germany and Wolfenbüttel, that he

228 Skake-speare in Germany.

knew and loved, and to which he had sent during the reign of Elizabeth, James, and Charles Stuart, his English actors, whose dwelling houses I myself have seen, when there.

Duke Augustus, under the "feigned name" of Gustavus, published a remarkable volume, a cryptic work on Chess, which critics hold is the work of Francis Bacon. It contains most curious illustrations, a Beacon Light, or Bacon Light (as it was called in those days), and the lean figure of an ancient author, writing at a table (Bacon in 1626 was sixty-five), Duke August holding a Cap of Maintenance over him. The writer, Von Helmuth, says that an old Sage of over 100 arranged with a reigning Duke of North Germany the Hanover-Brunswick Succession to the English Throne, through Sophia Stuart, the daughter of Bacon's friend and correspondent, Princess Elizabeth, James the First's daughter. Was that ancient Sage Francis Bacon? I think it was. Francis Bacon, Imperator of the Rosicrucians of Elizabeth and James' reigns, is said by disciples of his to-day to have lived to the extreme age of one hundred and eight.

I have done, and have shewn, I think, the validity of my proposition, that Francis Bacon planted the cradle of the German stage in Wolfenbüttel*; that Lessing and Goethe's love for Shake-speare was traditional; that Germany's love for and appreciation of Shake-Speare to-day is traditional, and that it has a traditional right to cry, with England, "Shake-speare is ours."

* The *Herzog-Auguste Bibliothek* is the title of the Wolfenbüttel Library, founded by books collected in Elizabeth's reign from England.

POPE AND BACON.

By H. KENDRA BAKER.

POPE'S description of Bacon in the "Essay on Man" as the "Wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind" has been almost universally accepted as a sort of "Pontifical Pronouncement," indicating Pope's low opinion of Bacon's moral character and, as such, has done incalculable injury to the latter's reputation.

Those who so accept it are probably unaware of the glaring anomalies which such a view involves when it is realised that Pope uses the identical expression, "*meanest*," not only concerning *himself* personally, but his "idol" Dryden, and, moreover, that were the expression to be construed in its modern uncomplimentary sense in this passage concerning Bacon, it would constitute a unique and apparently inexplicable exception to the rule that throughout Pope's dicta and scripta, every reference to Bacon is of a highly eulogistic character. This it is hoped to demonstrate in detail. As, however, the theory to be propounded is a novel one and conflicts with a hoary tradition, the reader is most earnestly invited to put aside "prejudice, passion and preconceptions" and in fairness to the writer, approach the subject with a perfectly open mind, bearing in mind a very pertinent observation attributed to Solomon that:—

"He that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his *humour* but no matter for his *instruction*."

And first, with regard to the application of this word "*meanest*" by Pope to *himself*.

In his Essay on Criticism (Pt. I, line 189), apostrophising the Poets of Antiquity, he writes:—

"Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Ô may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the *meanest* of your sons inspire!"

Now, the writer, not long ago, was very severely handled by a certain "tradition worshipper" in a well-known London "Weekly," for venturing to question Pope's meaning as regards Bacon, which he said was "as plain as

a pike staff!" Well, here we have the same word applied by Pope to himself in a totally different sense, having nothing whatever to do with moral obliquity, but connoting "humility." No pikestaff could be plainer! So we have two pikestuffs, both equally plain, and yet totally different. Why—in the absence of confirmatory evidence—should a defamatory meaning be attached to one and not to the other?

We shall show presently that not a shred of any such "confirmatory evidence" exists but much to the contrary.

To take another instance of Pope's use of this word "mean," as applied to himself in the same sense. In his "Universal Prayer" he writes:—

"Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go
Thro' this day's life or death."

The only comment one need make in this connection is that if he were "mean" in the sense we are asked to apply to Bacon, he could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as "quicken'd by the Divine breath"!

And when we come to Dryden, whom the Encyclopædia Britannica describes as "his hero and master," are we to understand that Pope is defaming the object of his infatuation when he writes:—

"Ill fated Dryden! who unmoved can see
Th' extremes of wit and *meanness* join'd in thee?"

So, too, in the Preface to his works; speaking of his respect for the Public, he says:—

"—I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many *mean* things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable," referring, of course, to his "modest efforts" as we would say.

In the same sense, in his "Imitations of Horace," he writes:—"Each star of *meaner* merit fades away," and it is interesting to observe that in the same poem he uses the expression "base mankind," shewing clearly that had he so intended he could have used this adjective elsewhere in such connection as some are content to import it.

One is inclined to apply to such critics Pope's own complaint of similar persons:—

"That when I aim at praise, they say I *bite*"

A very significant expression.

Again, he writes:—

“And what is fame? the *meanest* have their day,
The greatest can but blaze and pass away.”

Here the antithesis is obvious between the humblest and the greatest, and so, too, in his Epilogue to the Satires, he still further emphasises this signification in the lines:—

“Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line
And makes immortal, verse as *mean* as mine.”

or, in the Dunciad, referring to the honours conferred by the Queen of Dullness on the Dunces:—

“Nor passed the *meanest* unregarded.”

Let us turn to a few of Pope's contemporaries who were obliging enough to contribute Commendatory Poems to some of his Works.

In Broome, the “tradition-worshippers” would no doubt detect a superlatively bad-lot who flaunts his “moral obliquity” in the lines:—

“Ev’n I, the *meanest* of the Muses train
Inflamed by thee attempt a nobler strain.”

While Brown, who speaks of:—

“the sordid pebble *meanly* graced with gold”

is evidently indicating that the pebble is “no better than it should be”!

Presumably, too, the lines by “A Lady”:—

“Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome and *mean* retreat.”

are intended to convey the high moral lesson that the sun shines as well on the palace as on the “house of ill fame”!

Personally, we prefer to regard her allusion as to a “humble dwelling” or modest bungalow!

Among other contemporaries, Dr. Lockier spoke of Farquhar as a “*mean* poet,” not because of his indifference to some moving appeal for a small loan “over the weekend”—as some might suppose—but, as Spence records, owing to his indifferent or “modest” accomplishments.

On another occasion Lockier is recounting an instructive story of Cromwell's efforts on behalf of the Jews, and in defending them against the attacks of the London Merchants he asks the latter: “Can you really be afraid that this *mean* despised people should be able to prevail in

trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the World?" It was certainly no part of Cromwell's task to make them out *vicious* and undesirable but *humble* and harmless.

One wonders too, if—in earlier days—our old friend Pepys was thinking of his "degenerate," or only his "humble," days, when in his Diary (under date May 12, 1665) he contrasts his present position in the Exchequer with that when he was "a *mean* clerk there!"

Instances of the use of the word in this sense by Pope, his contemporaries and others, could be multiplied to "boring point": they are, in fact, "as plentiful as tabby-cats" (to use Gilbert's homely simile), but perhaps enough has been said to indicate a certain diminution in the plainness of the pikestaff!

But it is not only in this sense of "modest" or "humble" that Pope uses this word. If, as we assert, the evidence adduced goes to show that he meant nothing defamatory, but the reverse, by the use of the word in its application to Bacon, we should be able to give instances of its use in a compassionate or sympathetic or commiserating sense in regard to what is "pitiful," "sad" or "moving to pity," in short, the signification given in one of our earliest Dictionaries, the "Etymological English Dictionary," by Nathaniel Bailey, 1726 (long before Johnson), where the word "mean" is given as an equivalent for "pitiful."

This we are able to do, but before proceeding, it might be well to remark—for the fact has been thrown in our teeth before now—that Johnson does *not* give "humble" as an alternative synonym for "mean," nor even "pitiful" or similar cognates. This omission, unfortunate though it may be—for Johnson—does not affect our argument in the slightest degree in view of the positive evidence we adduce that it was commonly so used not only by Pope himself, but by his contemporaries, and thus, though Johnson does not give it—he should have done.

Who knows but what this may have been the very word to the omission of which—as the old story goes—some lady friend drew Johnson's attention, asking how it happened, and was told: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance!"

Well, infallibility is not a human attribute, and omissions from dictionaries cannot alter facts!

We are not, however, concerned to define the exact shade of meaning which Pope had in mind in his varied use of this word. It will be quite sufficient for our purpose to establish even a broad distinction between its use in a complimentary or inoffensive sense and the reverse, it being our object to demonstrate that there is no foundation for a *defamatory* sense as regards Bacon, whatever may have been the actual attribute which Pope may have intended to denote by the use of the word "meanest" as applied to him. As will be shown presently, the nearest approach to a *definition* of the compassionate sense in which, as we contend, the word was meant to be applied to Bacon is "most unhappy," "most pitiful."

But to proceed. In his "Thebais of Statius," Pope relates how the infant son of Phoebus is the victim of a regrettable "road-accident," in the course of which he is torn to pieces by devouring dogs, who "fed on his trembling limbs and lapped his gore"—a truly distressing situation fully justifying Pope's compassionate comment:—

"How *mean* a fate, unhappy child is thine!"

Here we have the sense of "sad," "unfortunate," "unhappy," or any other shade of compassion, just as, when Spence tells us that Cowley's death was occasioned by a *mean* accident, we should not be justified in assuming that in order to save his cab-fare he walked home and got run over! No. Spence puts us right there, the facts being that Cowley had been to see a neighbour who had "made him too welcome" (alas!) and that on his return he had to lie out in the fields all night, from which he caught a fever and died. Very sad! In vino mors!

A further interesting instance of its use in this sense, and one shewing how dependent we are on contexts and probabilities for its due comprehension, is found in connection with Pope's last moments as recorded by Spence.

He is describing Lord Bolingbroke's grief at his friend's bedside and relates how, with tears, he gives expression to the following melancholy reflection:—

"There is so much trouble in coming into the world and so much more, as well as *meanness*, in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all!"

But, perhaps, one of the most interesting instances of the use of this word, in a compassionate sense, is to be found in Pope's own lines relating to the fall of Oxford, for if the name "Bacon" were substituted for that of "Oxford," it would be equally applicable.

"Who, careless now of int'rest, fame or fate
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming *meanest* what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall."

Here, although the actual shade of meaning to be attached to the word may be open to a difference of opinion, it is abundantly clear that it is not defamatory, and the passage should, surely, give those who would so apply it to Bacon—in almost precisely similar circumstances—cause for reconsideration.

We submit, that having established indubitably, the use by Pope and his contemporaries of this word "mean" in varying senses and in two main categories, one perfectly inoffensive, the other uncomplimentary, we are entitled to assert that the genuine "seeker-after-truth" is put upon his enquiry to ascertain definitely, so far as circumstances admit of his doing so, the precise meaning which Pope *intended* to apply to Bacon or at any rate the category in which the expression used by him was intended to fall. To assert his intentions without due and careful investigation of all surrounding circumstances is purely arbitrary, and indeed, unwarrantable.

For many years the writer has been extracting from literature of the period instances of the use of this word "mean," and it is no exaggeration to say that in the vast majority of cases, it bears the inoffensive significations he is claiming for it in this connection.

An interesting and rather arresting instance of this common use (however it may be ignored by Johnson!) is to be found in the writings of "Gabriel d'Emillianne" (the pseudonym of Antoine Gavin), who, writing in 1691, uses these words:—

"—Our Saviour Jesus Christ who appeared in so *mean* and humble a condition—"

The same author similarly refers to that very interesting character, Pope Sixtus V, as "of very *mean* extraction," and goes on to say that "this *meanness* of his birth did not inspire him with an answerable degree or *humility* in the midst of that greatness to which he was raised."

A perusal of "Hearne's Remains" forms an illuminating commentary on the contemporary use of this word in the senses we are claiming for it. It could have provided Johnson with material for a column or two—even of his folio edition!—of instances of its use in this sense, which makes Johnson's omission the more remarkable. Perhaps he was not prone to see "good in everything"!

The writer has also extracted from the Works and Correspondence of Pope every instance, so far as he is aware, of the use by him of this word "mean," and while it is not suggested that he does not use the word in an uncomplimentary sense, on occasions, such sense is *comparatively* rare and is, at any rate, made clear and unambiguous by the context thus admitting of no difficulty or doubt as to its actual signification. It is only in this one isolated instance where there is no direct and immediate context to guide us, and where, moreover, an antithesis still further complicates the construction, that a false signification and a false antithesis has been rendered possible.

It is unfortunate that Warton when treating of the Essay on Man in his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope" had not specifically referred to the Bacon couplet, for it might have removed considerable misapprehension. That he did *not* refer to it would seem, however, to give additional weight to our argument, for anyone who has studied his "Essay" would agree that Warton is no "lickspittle," in fact, some of his criticisms are far from complimentary: he is the friendly but candid critic, and it is all but inconceivable that he would have allowed the expression "meanest" to pass unnoticed had he regarded it in any other sense than as used by Pope, not only concerning himself but in so many other connections in a perfectly inoffensive sense.

No one knew Pope's writings better than Warton and the

amazing inconsistency between such an expression—in a defamatory sense—and everything that Pope had ever written—or spoken, for that matter—concerning Bacon, must inevitably have arrested his attention and produced a few “pointed observations”—of which several are to be found in other connections, as we shall see—in his Commentary on the Essay on Man.

We may claim it as fairly obvious, therefore, that Warton did *not* attach any such defamatory meaning to the word and, as additional evidence for such contention, we are in the fortunate position of being able to adduce Warton’s own use of the expression as connoting “humility” or its cognates.

In this very commentary he writes:—

“The *meaner* the subject is of a preceptive poem, the more striking appears the art of the poet: it is even of use to choose a *low* subject.”

One need not quote the context to make it clear that the words “meaner” and “low” have nothing to do with our modern debased signification but are synonymous with “humbler” and “of low degree,” for he goes on to contrast Virgil with Lucretius in their respective treatment of a theme, his argument being that it is the glory of the poet to produce grandeur from a humble or lowly, or even pitiful, subject.

Thus we may dismiss Warton with thanks for his timely evidence!

And before proceeding to other evidences as to the accuracy of our contention, it would be well, here and now, to meet an argument which might be—and, indeed, has been—raised as to the “absurdity” of attributing “humility,” or any of its complimentary or compassionate cognates, to Bacon!

Now, Pope was over two centuries nearer to Bacon’s day than we are: he was born only 62 years after Bacon’s recorded death, and, as we shall show presently on the evidence of “Spence’s Anecdotes” concerning Pope, his life was largely influenced by Bacon’s writings, for which he had the greatest admiration. Thus let us assume that he knew at least as much as—if not considerably more than

—we do concerning Bacon and what men said of him. To Pope, in those days, it may not have been a matter of research—as it is to us—but of common knowledge, now long since forgotten or disregarded, that those who knew Bacon best, namely, his intimate friends and associates, speak with one voice as to the nobility and beauty of his character. One does not expect to hear much to his credit from those who intrigued against him and had everything to gain from his fall. Moreover, as evidence of what men were saying and thinking of Bacon in Pope's day, it is interesting—and significant—to observe that in the "Testimony of Authors" prefixed to "the Dunciad" (Warburton's text, 1776) is a quotation from "the great critic, Mr. Dennis," taken from the Preface to his "Reflections on Pope's Essay on Criticism," which reads as follows:—

"If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (names given including 'Lord Bacon') have received from this country for these last hundred years—" &c.

So here we have a contemporary of Pope's asserting as a common-place Bacon's "cruel treatment" and recognising in him a "pitiful" character by reason of the same.

Bacon's greatest and most indefatigable biographer, Spedding, thus sums up his chief characteristics: "Retiring, nervous, sensitive, unconventional, *modest*," and to this he adds: "Those who saw him nearest in his private life give him the best character."

We shall proceed to give the recorded testimony of some of "those who saw him nearest."

And first let us quote his intimates, Sir Tobie Matthew and Ben Jonson. "A friend unalterable to his friends"—"It is not his greatness that I admire but his virtue." So wrote the former, his closest friend. "I could never," writes Jonson, "bring myself to condole with the great man after his fall, knowing as I did that no accident could do harm to his virtue, but rather make it more manifest. He seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration." "A memorable example," writes Peter Boener (his Apothecary), "of all virtue, kindness, peaceableness and patience."

And his chaplain and Literary Editor, Dr. Rawley—a

man who knew Bacon as no man living or dead ever did—wrote of him:—

“I have been induced to think that, if ever there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him.”

“He struck all men with an awful reverence,” wrote Francis Osborne.

These are the words of men, in various ranks of life, who stood around him and knew him as he was: they could be multiplied.

Nichols, in later years, in his *Life of Bacon*, says:—“They bear witness to the stainlessness of his private life, his perfect temperance, self-possession, modest demeanour, and innocent pleasantries.”

Joseph Addison, a contemporary of Pope, who most definitely did not share in this—alleged—contempt of Bacon, writes:—“At the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat and humbled under afflictions which lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his dignity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love of mankind.”

David Hume finds him “beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behaviour.” Abbott, in his *Life of Bacon*, testifies his admiration of the man.

“He attached little importance to himself,” he writes, “no correct notion can be formed of Bacon’s character till *this suspicion of self conceit is scattered to the winds.*”

“He was generous, openhearted, affectionate, peculiarly sensitive to kindness, and equally forgetful of injuries,” says Fowler in his *Life of Bacon*.

Says Aubrey:—“All who were great and good loved and honoured him.”

Hepworth-Dixon, to whose researches and writings the memory of Francis Bacon owes so much, wrote:—

“He hungered, as for food, to rule and bless mankind,” and further:—“A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child could resist the spell of his sweet speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile.”

What a contrast to the *conventional* picture of Francis

Bacon! In face of such testimonies by men who have studied every incident in Bacon's life—and the intrigues and slanders of which he was the victim—Pope might well say now, were he living, as he did in the *Dunciad*, in holding up the Dunces to ridicule and contempt:—

“’Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame”!

And yet—strangest of all anomalies—we are asked to believe that Pope—after trouncing the Dunces for speaking contemptuously of Bacon—himself deliberately blasts his good name and holds him up to the contempt of posterity!

The suggestion is surely inconceivable, for if it were not, we should have to apply to Pope the description which he himself (in the Prologue to the *Satires*) uses concerning the libeller:—

“This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings.”

Rather would we credit him with the genuine belief in his own sentiment, “To a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller.”

Having thus made an attempt to show, on the evidence of those best qualified to express a reliable opinion, that Pope's expression concerning Bacon—in a complimentary or compassionate sense—would be fully justified, let us proceed to consider what else Pope has himself to say of Bacon. We shall deal first with his dicta (on the authority of Spence in his “*Anecdotes*”) and subsequently with his scripta as contained in his Works.

We need not labour the weight of Spence's authority, for it is universally admitted, and it can be studied in either Singer's or Malone's edition of the “*Anecdotes*” (both 1820).

He records the following allusions by Pope:—

1. “Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced.”
2. “One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.”
3. “When a man is much above the rank of men, who can he have to converse with?”

To these last two items, Spence puts the following note:—“He had been speaking of Lord Bacon, and Lord Bolingbroke, a little before: this reflection seems to have

arisen in his mind, in relation to one, or, perhaps, both of them."

4. "Bacon and Locke did not follow the common paths, but beat out new ones."

5. "In talking over the design for a dictionary that might be authoritative for our English writers," says Spence, "there were eighteen named by Pope (from whose works such a dictionary should be collected) and Bacon heads the list."

It may be objected that these dicta—laudatory as they are of Bacon's intellectual attainments—are not incompatible with a low opinion of his *moral* character. In answer, it should be pointed out that these "Anecdotes" by Spence, which are of a most intimate character and record not only Pope's sayings but those of some of his friends, presumably in his presence, contain not one word, from beginning to end, reflecting on Bacon, morally or intellectually—nothing but praise and admiration.

Seeing that Bacon was—according to Spence—frequently under discussion, is it conceivable that had Pope really considered him the despicable character, the "vile antithesis" he is supposed to have been regarded by Pope, the "melancholy fact" would not have been alluded to. If so, here is another "interesting exception" to the general treatment of characters introduced into the "Anecdotes" and whose foibles and imperfections are freely referred to. Moreover, the dicta must be considered in connection with the scripta, of the general tone of which they are merely complementary. Among the latter we find the following:—

In his Imitations of Horace (Bk. II, Ep. II, line 168):—

"Command old words that long have slept to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake:"

In his Moral Epistles (Ep. V, line 53):—

"Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?

Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face:
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:"

Strange, indeed, if the poet actually regarded Bacon as:

“Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear
That sweetest music to an *honest* ear.”

And stranger still that in the very forefront of his great moral work, “The Essay on Man,” the poet should care to quote such an “immoral” character as Bacon: yet in his “Design of the Work” he thus delivers himself:—

“Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon’s expression) ‘come home to men’s business and bosoms,’ I thought it more satisfactory—” &c.

A singular choice—the words of a man whom he proposed, in the self same work, to hold up to shame and infamy, if, indeed, such *were* his intention.

Again, in his Imitations of Horace (Bk. II, Sat. II), speaking of the changes and chances of Life, he writes:—

“Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;”

but what force is there in such an antithesis if Bacon were “the meanest of mankind” in its nasty sense? Better be a “booby lord” than that!

An interesting reference to Bacon is found in that forceful and denunciatory passage in the Dunciad (Bk. III, line 213), where Pope, as already quoted, is castigating the “dunces” for their presumption and folly in criticising those whose shoestrings—so to speak—they are not worthy to unloose. He is scathingly sarcastic.

“Yet, oh, my Sons! a father’s words attend
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend)
‘Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton’s genius, or a Milton’s flame:
But oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
The source of Newton’s light, of Bacon’s sense.

Persist, by all divine in man unaw’d,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.”

Now, apart from other moral considerations, we are, surely, entitled to ask ourselves—Would Pope have attributed a “divine” source to “Bacon’s sense” had he considered Bacon the contemptible creature he is alleged to have represented him? Again, why denounce the Dunces for an offence which, in a superlative degree, he is alleged to have himself committed? How futile would such a denunciation appear, and how irresponsible, not to

say hypocritical, would he proclaim himself by the use of such language regarding one whom, as alleged, he, himself, holds up to reprobation and contempt!

Surely such arguments are entitled to our serious consideration; indeed, in the light of the evidence already adduced, it would not be too much to assert that but for that one solitary ambiguous word, "meanest," Pope would have passed down to posterity as one of Bacon's most ardent admirers on the conclusive evidence of his own dicta and scripta.

In addition to these, Warton, in his memorable Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, testifies to the fact that Pope was "known to have been remarkably fond" of Bacon's Essays. Writing, too, of Pope's "weakness and delicacy of body," he says, "May I add that even his bodily make was of use to him as a writer: for one who was acquainted with the heart of man, and the secret springs of our actions, has observed with great penetration (foot-note. "Bacon's Essay XLIV") 'It is good to consider deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause, which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person, that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself, to rescue and deliver himself from scorne.' "

Warton goes on to say that he believed this circumstance to have animated "our poet" to double his diligence to make himself distinguished. Thus in his very infirmities he was indebted to Bacon for solace and hope.

In further support of our assertion as to the influence of Bacon's writings on Pope, Warton points out how in the latter's Essay on Criticism, the verse commencing with "Some beauties yet no precepts can declare," follows the thought of Bacon's Essay on Beauty: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," &c.

Another instance is found in the correspondence of thought between Pope's lines regarding "the Ruling Passion":—

"In this one passion man can strength enjoy
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy."

and Bacon's passage in Essay ii:—

"It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration, in good spirits, the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men, till the last instant"; and he goes on to give instances of men's ruling passions influencing their last moments.

Many other instances of this influence might be given, but let one other suffice.

In the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot are the following lines:—

"Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the Throne."

"This," Warton writes, "is from Bacon's 'De Augustis Scientiarum,' lib. III, p. 180 (giving the Latin quotation), and this thought is used in a letter to Mr. Craggs—15th July, 1715—'we have it seems, a Great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the Throne.' . . ."

It would seem, therefore, that Pope had such a high regard for Bacon and his Works that, so far from maligning him, we might reasonably have expected from Pope the same sort of retort to a detractor as Warton records Lord Bolingbroke to have made to "a certain parasite, who thought to please him by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough," and was stopped short with the remark "He was so very great a man that I forget he had that vice." Collapsé of parasite!

Having created, as we hope, a favourable atmosphere for the consideration of the passage in the "Essay on Man" in which the couplet occurs, it remains to analyse the principles and arguments which Pope enunciates in such passage in order to ascertain whether such arguments are compatible with, and support, the construction we assert the words in question were intended to bear.

In approaching the passage in which the couplet is found we must ask the reader to exercise "That which in *meane* men we entitle patience." (Rich. II, Act i., Sc. ii) without, however, reflecting in any way on the reader's "moral character"! Moreover, we should always bear in mind (as has been already shewn) that nowhere has Pope evinced anything but the highest admiration for Bacon, and that the use of any abusive or contemptuous expression

could only be due to some sudden, violent and wholly unaccountable revulsion of feeling—of which not a particle of foundation can be found.

We have spoken of a "false antithesis" for it will be our endeavour to show that the antithesis which Pope intended to indicate was not that between Wisdom and *Vice*, but between Wisdom and *Unhappiness*.

To enable us to establish this contention it will be necessary to consider the context at some length.

The passage occurs in the Fourth Epistle of the Essay, which deals primarily with False notions of human happiness. It opens with the lines:—

"O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:"

and proceeds to demonstrate the difficulty attending its definition:—

"Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?"

He is working up to his final argument concerning the futility of fame, greatness, riches or wisdom as productive, in themselves, of *happiness*.

"Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks common sense."

Exactly so! Bacon was superlatively *wise*, but he was superlatively *unhappy*—to make him out superlatively *vicious* would be entirely irrelevant to the argument.

"Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;"

but he strives to shew that:—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence."

Now, these lines should never be lost sight of. They are the key to the whole situation. However imperfect may be his illustrations—as sometimes they are—however he may seem, at times, to stray from the main argument, Pope here defines the scope of his philosophy—the fallacy of seeking *happiness* outside this Rule of Life.

Pope then goes on to show how blind Man is to what is true happiness.

"But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like Turenne prostrate in the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?"

All comparable in the "meanness" of their fate to a blameless Bacon, be it noted.

He goes on to show the worthlessness of what the World values, and that Virtue is its own reward.

"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed!
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?"

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

He proceeds to ridicule the joys of riches and then (ironically):—

"Look next on Greatness; say where greatness lies,
Where but among the heroes and the wise!"

and proceeds to show the fallacy of such a proposition, his whole argument being that "virtue alone is happiness below."

"Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

Still we find the analogy between a "bleeding Socrates" and a "suffering Bacon."

And then he comes to Fame.

"What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death."

"All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends."

"One self approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a Senate at his heels."

No—"one self approving hour" gives "more true joy" than all the worldly greatness, so why worry after Fame?

"In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known:—"

"Where is the happiness in that?" he seems to ask, and may we not still find in Bacon an apt illustration?

In the next quotation we seem to detect an echo of those words spoken by Pope concerning Bacon—as previously cited—on the “misfortunes of extraordinary geniuses” and those “much above the rank of men”—anything but an enviable position—but do not let us miss the significance of the italicised words, if indeed he had Bacon in mind—as they seem wholly incompatible with the traditional view.

“Painful pre-eminence! Yourself to view
Above *life's weakness*, and its comforts too.”

And then, after showing, “how sometimes life is risqu’d, and always ease” in pursuit of these things, he asks:

“Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would’st thou be the man to whom they fall?”

Up to this point the line of argument is clear and unmistakeable, the futility of Fame, Greatness and Wisdom as productive of happiness; set forth in dignified language worthy of so great a subject, when, suddenly, we descend with a jolt from the sublime to the ridiculous and find ourselves presented with an entirely different—and a most unworthy—argument, clothed in pinch-beck language.

This is one of the passages that Warton so severely censured as “ill-placed and disgusting” in its levity, and Dr. Aikin described as “prosaic lines, *mean* expressions, (our italics) inaccuracies of construction, and defects in the mechanism of versification.”

Read them and judge:—

“To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or Sir Billy,
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus’ wife.”

It would seem, almost, as though these lines were an interpolation by Pope—the Man-about-Town—rather than the work of Pope—the Poet and Philosopher—and no wonder Warton and Dr. Aikin criticise them, for not only are they common-place and unworthy of the theme, but they substitute for the high philosophical argument he has been consistently pursuing, the unworthy one that in “Sighing for ribbands” and for “yellow dirt” you only succeed in *making yourself ridiculous*.

Fortunately this irrelevant and regrettable interlude

closes with a full stop and there is much virtue in a full stop!

And so, at length, we reach the famous (or, as some regard it, the infamous) couplet—the *fons et origo* of all the trouble—which for so many years has been glibly and thoughtlessly quoted by all and sundry as “evidence” of Pope’s contempt for Bacon’s morals!

In the light of all the rebutting evidence we have adduced—apparently unknown or ignored—one can but reflect upon the slenderness of the thread by which a great man’s reputation may hang: an ambiguous expression wrested from its context and from all surrounding circumstances, handed on in its modern debased sense and eventually crystallising into a profound “truth!” By much the same process we might possibly find some modern critic expressing the view that Warton had a poor opinion of the Essay on Man, seeing that his comment on the first lines is “This opening is *awful*”!

But to return to our couplet.

“If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin’d,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

Truly he was gifted with “parts” as no man ever was. Even Macaulay attributes to him “the most exquisitely constructed intellect ever bestowed on any of the children of men.” But did they bring him “happiness?” Definitely not—he was the “meanest” of the children of men (in any of the compassionate senses we have adduced). Here, surely, is the true antithesis: that he was the “meanest” in its vicious sense, would, we repeat, be pointless as having no bearing on the argument. Those who resent being convinced against their will may say: “Ah! that’s all very well, but everybody knows that Bacon was ‘the meanest of mankind’ as we understand the word.”

Any such would do well to remember that what “everybody knows” is not always the truth. “Everybody knew,” at one time, that Titus Oates was the “Saviour of his Country” but he was *not*; he was a rank impostor!

And what “everybody knows” concerning Bacon was.

certainly not "known" to that illustrious Student of History and Human Nature, Hallam, whose opinion of Francis Bacon was that he was "the wisest and greatest of mankind," without any "antithesis," compassionate or otherwise!—This by the way!

"But, what about Cromwell?" someone may say. To which we would retort courteously, "Well, what about him?" Cromwell, who figures in the next couplet, is a valuable witness and we would not be without him for anything!

The lines which follow the Bacon couplet are these:—

"Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all."

Where in these lines is there one word which conflicts with our argument? It is the futility of *ambition* as productive of *happiness* that he is emphasising. Just as in Bacon, "parts" did not produce happiness but the reverse, so Cromwell—who, according to his lights, was a great patriot—so far from deriving "happiness" from his ambitions or his patriotism is, on the contrary, "Damn'd to everlasting fame." His "moral character"—which no one suggests was vicious—is no more relevant to Pope's argument than is Bacon's—it is the "sadness", the "unhappiness," the "pitifulness," of his fate that "points the moral and adorns the tale." This, we maintain, is amply exemplified by the lines that follow,

"There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!"

Please note the adjectives—rich, honoured, famed and great—all perfectly laudable in themselves and such as any of us might wish to be, were it not that they do not—of themselves—produce happiness.

Now, if the traditionalists were right in their defamatory construction, we should have expected some such line as the following, as the second of the couplet:—

"See *virtue* linked with *vice* commensurate."

But not a bit of it—that is not Pope's idea at all—he says exactly what our line of argument would anticipate:

"See the *false scale of happiness* complete!"

The Poet is solely concerned in illustrating the Vanity of Worldly Greatness, Fame, Ambitions, Wisdom—the conviction that true happiness proceeds from none of these things but is found in Virtue alone.

So far as Cromwell, with his patriotic ambitions, was concerned, Pope might well have had in mind Wolsey's pathetic exhortation to the other Cromwell:—

“Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?”

Certainly not *happiness*, he might have said.

And so Pope works up to his final and triumphant assertion:—

“Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.”

And here one would willingly leave the matter were it not that before reaching this climax of his philosophy, Pope makes use of certain expressions which—divorced from their context and the line of reasoning which he is pursuing—might possibly be regarded as supporting the view we are contesting. As we are anxious to make our argument as comprehensive as possible and certainly not to shirk any circumstance which might appear to tell against it, we feel that this point should be dealt with.

The passage in question—which will shortly be set out—is one of those which may well cause us to sympathise with those of Pope's contemporaries who complained of his frequent “obscurity”—one feels there is ground for it at times. His work—as most of his Commentators agree—is uneven and betrays too clearly the influence of varying moods. There are times when “the morning after the night before” is clearly indicated! Again, at others, a spirit of rather reckless irresponsibility and a none too slavish adherence to his line of argument is rather suggestive of “the *night* before” itself!

It is to these little lapses that our friend Warton drew attention—somewhat pointedly, at times!—and Dr. Aikin, whom we have already quoted, had quite a lot to say about it, and especially as regards the “*Essay on Man*.”

"Indeed," he says, "there are sufficient tokens that the work was undertaken as a task—that the writer was occasionally tired or bewildered in following his argument—and that the poet and system builder did not always happily draw together."

We have seen this illustrated in the "Sir Billy" and the "Gripus" couplets and one cannot but feel that in writing the lines next quoted he was again getting "tired and bewildered" and in need of a little light refreshment or an evening off!

"In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens, who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray!
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose.
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the Man."

Now, his meaning—let alone his philosophy!—is far from clear in this passage. Is it the King's and Queens who have attained to their exalted positions through these dreadful processes—or their victims?

If the former, one can only say that Pope seems to have had rather a poor opinion of the Monarchy as an Institution!

There have, no doubt, been Kings—and Queens—in human history, who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and similarly there have been others who "did good"—there may indeed have been some of the Curate's-Egg standard!—but that Great King's are, *ipso facto*, guilty Kings may be classified as 'Bosh!' and though Pope was before Victoria, Edward VII. and George V., he should—and probably did!—know better than this.

And if he is referring to the victims, (though that seems very doubtful) what a grotesque exaggeration!

But, what is more to the point, how irrelevant to his main line of argument (which, for want of a "Cocktail," he seems to have temporarily forgotten!) is all this vituperation concerning Kings and Queens and/or their victims when all he is really out to show is that all this sort of stuff does not produce *happiness*.

However, he pulls himself together in due course—possibly he may have taken a little nourishment in the

interval!—and gets back to the “motion before the House” which is, as he triumphantly shows, and as previously quoted:—

“Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.”

That—as the writer sees it—is the whole burden of Pope's great Epistle to the lowly-minded; and it is his firm conviction that, so far from holding Francis Bacon up to the execration of his fellowmen, it was his intention to exemplify the truth of his reasoning by adducing this great man—superlatively wise and bright—as a *pathetic* character by reason of his afflictions—just as one might instance Job.

That the traditional view should still be held in the “blazing light of improbabilities” can, surely, only be due to an imperfect appreciation of the “glaring anomalies” to which we referred at the outset.

It is even more remarkable that so great a literary authority as Dr. A. B. Grosart should not only have accepted this “perverse couplet” (as he calls it) in its traditional sense—which he declares to be “out and out false”—but has set his imprimatur upon it—so to speak—by stating:—“The wrong is the more inexcusable in as much as Spence's ‘Anecdotes’ revealed that Pope did not believe his own couplet; only it was too smart and good a thing to be suppressed.”

The most careful scrutiny of both Malone's and Singer's Editions of the ‘Anecdotes’ has failed to disclose any such “revelation” and presumably all Dr. Grosart meant was that the high terms in which Pope consistently refers to Bacon in Spence are inconsistent with the couplet, the implication being, that if he had really believed Bacon to be the meanest of mankind (in its defamatory sense) he would have said so to Spence, only that, as he did *not* say it, he plainly did not believe it. On this theory Grosart's statement would be an *argumentum ex silentio*.

But how extraordinary that in view of this glaring “inconsistency” he had not carried his investigations

further, in which case we submit he would have been forced to the same conclusion to which—after the most careful study—the present writer has arrived, as regards Pope's actual meaning and intentions.

There would then have been no question of a "perverse couplet" and dishonest motives nor any ground for that complaint already quoted which Pope himself made of some of his critics:—"That when I aim at praise, they say I bite!"

Thus there are *two* reputations involved in this question and in common fairness to both Pope *and* Bacon, it is surely not too much to ask that every circumstance should be most carefully weighed in the light of facts which, though not new, may yet have received, hitherto, inadequate consideration.

Is it fair to Pope to represent him as a man so vile as to betray Bacon for an antithesis "too smart and good to be suppressed," though false to his knowledge?

Is it fair to Bacon that his memory should continue to be defiled by a false construction put upon a perfectly inoffensive word?

These are the issues involved and neither prejudice nor tradition should—where two great Englishmen are concerned—be allowed to influence the judgement of their fellow-countrymen who boast—before all other virtues—that of Fair Play.

Is it not high time that this disgusting stigma were removed from Pope's name: is it not past high time that the reputation of him whom Pope himself describes as "the greatest Genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced" should be vindicated from the gross and unwarrantable infamy of so base a title as "the meanest of mankind" in its objectionable sense?

It is surely a reproach not only to English Literature but to English justice that such a construction should be tolerated in connection with one whom our great historian, Henry Hallam, of his superior knowledge, was proud to describe as

"The Wisest and Greatest of Mankind."

THE GALLUP DECIPHER.

By C. L'ESTRANGE EWEN.

MY claim (October, 1935) to have discredited Mrs. Gallup's decipher and demonstrated its fanciful nature has aroused considerable dissent, but the objections show some misunderstanding, which may perhaps be dispelled.

Mr. B. G. Theobald considers that "no case has been made out for distrusting Mrs. Gallup's work as a whole." On that point I fear we must differ. The lady operated on the safest possible grounds in claiming to see what others could not. Her greatest danger lay in using the same passage twice. That I submit she did unwittingly in the case of *The Spanish Masquerado* and thereby made the fallacy of her work demonstrable. Only one slip of this nature has been discovered, but as by that (the only available test) she has been found seriously wanting, I think I am justified in holding that the gravest suspicion is thrown upon the rest of her work, and the doubt is accentuated when we consider the high improbability of the truth of her disclosures, even if we do not accept the older view that she has been found to assign different symbols to the same letter of the same fount.

I gather from the adverse criticisms of my conclusions that the majority of supporters who profess to believe in the authentic nature of Mrs. Gallup's work are those who have not yet learned to appreciate that a cipher to be usable must be practical in design. So soon as it ceases to be mechanical, it becomes a plaything of the imagination. It avails nothing to say that differences in the type of the Lodge sonnet in the two editions of *The Spanish Masquerado* can be detected by microscope. Admittedly the more powerful the means of magnifying, the more minute variations in type, as in other things, will be detected.

We may take it that the cipherer (if any), the makers of the type, and the proof-readers, neither had super-normal sight nor magnifying instruments. Nor can it be believed that a cipherer earnestly desiring his work to be discovered and read at some future date would rely for publication

upon the chance use of a microscope. Unless it can be shown that these operatives had marvellous sight, the genuineness of the decipher is not supported by saying that Mrs. Gallup had such. As a matter of fact we know that whatever the state of her optic nerves in young days, by the summer of 1900, when she toiled at *The Spanish Masquerado* and other books at the British Museum, they had become so "over-strained" that soon afterwards she had to relinquish her labours. And, though she may have used spectacles and a reading glass, she did not enlist the aid of a microscope. For the cipher, therefore, to have been detectable by Mrs. Gallup, as she alleged, the type variations must have been visible with average sight, and such easily discernible distinctions only need be considered.

A very sound reason why microscopic modifications should be entirely ignored and casual differences distinguishable by eye accepted with caution is that such are also to be found in comparing copies acknowledged to be of the same printing. Mr. Seymour (October, 1935, p. 78), in attempting to throw distrust on my conclusions, unintentionally provides a good illustration:

"For one example, in the 'Old Library' and 'Grenville' copies, which Mr. Ewen contends are identical, there is a conspicuous difference in the form of the seventh letter on the last line—the letter *p*. The bottom serif slants upwardly in the former and downwardly in the latter. To those familiar with Mrs. Gallup's characteristic classification of the two symbols, a small difference such as this would be quite sufficient to differentiate one symbol from the other. And, on the other hand, notwithstanding the apparent general similarity of the letter-forms, I fail to see how even one letter can be printed both ways from the same piece of type."

Disregarding for the moment an explanation of the variation in this letter *p*, it must be stressed that the "Grenville" and the "Old Library" copies are undoubtedly of the same printing, not only in my opinion, but in that of Mrs. Gallup herself, who tacitly acknowledged

them to be identical, since she used but one of them, although requiring further material to complete the narrative. Comparing these two similar copies, there may be seen, besides Mr. Seymour's example, other differences distinguishable to the normal eye, such as *S* in *Serra* (line 2); *D* in *Dont* (line 3); and *p* in *cupido* (last word). But these deviations do not help the supporters of Mrs. Gallup, rather they show the impracticability of her method, for if differences can be found cropping up unwanted in copies of the same edition, how unreliable must be a code based on such changeable features.

Distinctions of this minute nature do not indicate a designed change of fount, but may result from an accidental knock or by replacement of a letter fallen out, a common occurrence even in modern printing. An excellent example is provided by the title-page of *The Spanish Masquerado* (a page recognised by Mrs. Gallup as being of the same setting in all three copies) which has "tronbled" in "Grenville" and "Old Library" copies and "troubled" in the King's example.* Clearly an alteration has been made, and it is otherwise well established that in those days the type underwent correction and replacement during the progress of the printing.

There are other ways of demonstrating that pages (A), (A2 verso), A3, (E verso), E2, and (E3 verso) were never reset, as was the remainder of the book. For instance, in all three copies on sig. A3 the italic error *Gentltmen Readers* appears, and the large ornamental block is upside down, surely clear indication that the type was not reset.

A yet further good way of demonstrating that the Lodge Sonnet has never been touched to any material extent is by comparing defective letters. For example, the minuscule *i* occurs 23 times. In each of the three copies, no. 1 in line 1 has no dot; no. 1 in line 4 has a very small dot; no. 3 in line 6 has a very small dot; and no. 2 in line 8 also has no dot. What are the odds against these four defective letters occurring in exactly similar positions if the type had been

* Mr. Seymour gives a wrong reference for the King's copy: it is as stated in my paper.

distributed and reset? Other imperfect and distinctive letters are also found to repeat position in all three copies.

Is it possible, then, that alterations to the Lodge Sonnet necessary for inserting a message can have been carried out without distribution of the original type? Mr. G. T. Moulton suggests that this page may have been kept standing, when "only a comparatively few of the *b* fount letters would need to be lifted and changed to make the two differing transliterations possible." I will dispose of that line of argument.

I submit that "comparatively few" is hardly the term to apply in this connection, for reference to my paper (p. 77) shows that as many as III out of 247 letters would have to be taken out and replaced. Now I venture to say that if this 45 per cent. of the type was renewed other noticeable changes would have taken place also, inadvertently or otherwise. Yet we find the length of lines and various irregularities in spacing remaining precisely the same as before. Moreover, examining each letter and noting defects and peculiarities, it is possible to show that some of those which would have had to be renewed repeat their odd features: for instance, in the second line *a* in *verdisant* is markedly and exceptionally below the level of the *n* in all copies, yet it is deciphered *b* from K. and *a* from O.L. and G. edition; and in the fifth line the second *e* in *Greene* is noticeably lower than the first in all copies, and clearly has not been changed, yet Mrs. Gallup read *a* in K. and *b* in O.L. and G. It is quite unthinkable that, if the type had been reset, as Mr. Moulton suggests, these peculiarities would repeat in exactly the same place. Perhaps more significant, had this drastic alteration really been made under the super-normal eyes of the cipherer and the necessary expert proof-reader would not the two glaring errors on sig. A3 (noticed above) have been corrected? Also it may be pertinently asked why, if these few pages were altered to convey a new passage, the title-page was left untouched, to produce, according to Mrs. Gallup, twelve words for a second time?

For those whom this argument does not convince, I

suggest a small test from line 4. Mrs. Gallup, in transliterating *Mon doux*, made it *aababab* from K. and *baababa* from O.L. and G. edition. That is six of the seven letters called for replacement. Will the lady's supporters say what practical change in the form of these letters has taken place to warrant the variant transliteration? And also, if their eyesights are good enough to detect these variations whether they cannot see that in all copies there is the same break in the letter *u*, which is transliterated *a* from K. and *b* from O.L. and G. Mr. Seymour has pointed out elsewhere that the dot over the letter *u* is not in the original, and so does not enter into the argument.

Mr. Edward Sinclair states that the value of my case would be negated if two or more alphabets had been used. Strictly speaking, Bacon's five-letter biliteral cipher does comprise two alphabets, one symbolized *a* and the other *b*. Perhaps this critic means something else, but really I do not think the point arises, for had Mrs. Gallup's claim covered anything but the use of Bacon's five-letter biliteral cipher in its simple form, she would scarcely have failed to mention it, as on several occasions she explains precisely the cipher she believed had been adopted.*

No formal personal examination was ever made to test Mrs. Gallup's pretensions, and we have to fall back upon the private enquiry conducted by Mr. J. P. Baxter (*The Greatest of Literary Problems*, 1915). Unfortunately this was a one-man test, but we need not on that account imagine it to have been unfairly carried out. But what does appear is that Mrs. Gallup, having divided up certain type peculiarities, and assigned to them symbols *a* and *b* respectively, she studied them, as she herself says, "until every shade, and line, and curve . . . was familiar, and as thoroughly impressed upon her memory as the features of a friend." It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that when Mr. Baxter employed the same equations in constructing test pieces, she recognised the founts and was able to read his enfolded messages. Never-

* See *The Times*, Jan. 27th, 1902; *Pall Mall Magazine*, March 1902.

theless, in view of the changes which take place in photographic reproduction, the feat was certainly remarkable,* although nothing like so difficult as transliterating a message from type, the minute distinctions of which have been secretly classified by some one else.†

In conclusion I must repeat that I do not impute dishonesty to the late Mrs. Gallup, nor do I doubt that she fully believed in her own powers. I suppose her to have had much in common with the literary "surrealist." Having a good education and being primed with historical matters, she acquired a Baconian complex to become overpowered to such an extent that she deceived not only herself but also others, owing to their difficulty of finding any method of countering her phantasies. That her relations, although guided to some extent by symbols, are really mind-pictures drawn from some subliminal storage is particularly noticeable from the fact that her main "deciphering" disclosed first "the manner of using the key-word cipher," the account of Bacon's royal birth, and his secret dramatic work published under the names of others, in all of which she had become steeped through her association with Dr. Orville Owen and his "word-cipher"; and secondly her versions of Homer and Virgil, translations of which she had read "to some extent in the rhetorical studies of her school days," as she herself told us. Can it be doubted that had Mrs. Gallup not been familiar with these matters in earlier life they would not have become the chief features in her decipher?

Her story does not divulge any new historical fact of importance which could be verified by public records. We look in vain for names of persons or plays hitherto unknown to us. The whole of her narrative is redolent of the gleanings of Mrs. Gallup rather than of the autobiography of Francis Bacon.

* I cannot do it even with Mr. Baxter's alphabet before me, mainly because the enlarged reproductions do not always correspond with the smaller type of the test piece.

† Can Mr. Baxter by any chance have told Mrs. Gallup that he had taken his type from the First Folio?

JUSTICE AND THE WIDOW.

By W. H. DENNING.

ONE need not go beyond the *poems* of Shakespeare to observe many quite legitimate yet somewhat mechanical recurrences of the same or similar words, ideas, antitheses, and so on. When such repetition of external or internal matter is encountered, it is possible, at times, to tell of what or of whom the poet was thinking.

The following deals principally with a few of the "Opportunity" verses in *Lucrece* (1594) where the poet digresses at some length from the narrative. There, it would seem, he introduces matter within his more intimate experience.

"The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits."—
Luc. 123.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mastered by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their *father* was too *weak* and they too *strong*,
To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
The *sweets* we wish for turn to loathèd *sours*."—*Luc.* 124.

A Baconian might be excused for suspecting that behind the generalisation in the preceding lines lurked the aged and affluent Sir Nicholas, Judge Bacon, 1510-1579. What happened to his wealth, or that portion within the reach of Anthony and Francis, is common and painful knowledge.

For support of my contention that Sir Nicholas was in mind, see verse 236 where the poet next toys with the antithesis here associated with "father," and you will find it associated there, as if by design, with a surfeit of legal terms. The law was, according to our theory, the father's profession.

"Mine enemy was *strong*, my poor self *weak*,
 And far the *weaker* with so *strong* a fear:
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes,
 And when the judge is robbed, the prisoner dies."—

Luc. 236.

There is a passage in *Richard II* supporting the idea in the same manner, but with the second antithesis in *Lucrece* verse 124:

"*Gaunt*.—Things *sweet* to taste prove in digestion *sour*.
 You urged me as a *judge*; but I had rather,
 You would have bid me argue like a *father*."

To his sons in their early days, Sir Nicholas would be "law" personified, so that the juxtaposition of father and law in early Shakespeare might be expected. I have not searched for, but happened upon a few instances. Sonnet 13 is one, and we find in *Titus Andronicus* (1594) within twelve lines in Act iv, sc. 2:

"close enacts . . . counsels . . . *father* . . . imprisoned . . . enfranchised . . . surer side . . . seal . . . stamped," and here and there another.

Reverting to the prodigal sons, verse 124, how fitting it would be if the poet next concerned himself with the company they kept. The poem was in progress when Lady Bacon, in a letter "to my son at Gray's Inn" (Oct. 18th 1593) not only warns Anthony against unthrifty companions who would prey upon him, but speaks of their "unruliness." Is that why "unruly" drops in here where each line is a poetical allusion to the objectionable folk that haunted the poets' retreat?

"*Unruly* blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
 What *VIRTUE* breeds iniquity devours."—*Luc.* 125.

What virtue breeds! In other words, the two wayward sons of Lady Ann Bacon, widow, that "good Christian and Saint of God" as the greater of the two called her. A variant of the fourth line above completes verse 241:

"For sparing *JUSTICE* feeds iniquity."

Here we have "justice" opposed to "iniquity" in place of "virtue"—Lady Bacon.

The good lady will not allow her sons to forget her widowhood, so when we find "justice" coupled with "widow" nearby it causes no surprise, and it tends to confirm indirectly the unity of "widow" and "virtue":

"JUSTICE is feasting while the WIDOW weeps;
The Patient dies while the physician sleeps."—*Luc.* 130.

Two curious echoes of the above show the poet harping upon the same string. Here too, in one line, he couples the husband and the wife or widow, the latter lamenting:

"For when the judge is robbed *the Prisoner dies.*"—236.
 "Lo, here weeps Hecuba, *here Priam dies.*"—213.

In BACONIANA dated Feb. 1933 I compared many words and phrases in Lady Bacon's letters to Anthony with matter in the sonnets etc. This was not because they occurred in the sonnets, but because they, or similar ones, occurred *together* in a sonnet or consecutive sonnets. There is a great difference and here the same applies. One distressful letter in particular dated Oct. 18th 1593, already referred to in connection with Anthony's friends, impressed the poet whoever he was. Some of the matter seems to have influenced also a few lines of these particular verses in *Lucrece*. The letter commences thus:

"I pray God keep you safe from all infection of sin and plague. It hath pleased the Lord to put me in remembrance (of Judge Bacon's death?). . . by taking two of the sickness very necessary persons to me a widow specially . . Fynch whose want I shall . . . lament daily."

These circumstances are surely reflected in—

"*The patient dies*—
 Justice is feasting while *the widow weeps*;
 Advice is sporting while *infection breeds.*"—130.

That does not stand alone. The good lady speaks of "leisure to spend her time in godly exercises both *public* and *private.*" This antithesis is toyed with in verse 128:

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;
 Thy *private* feasting to a *public* fast."

"Father . . weak . . strong"—124. Lady Bacon does not give this one, but she does speak of her own "*weakish*."

sickly age," and says later "God send you (Anthony) much good of all your bodily *physic* and make you *strong*." This is remarkable because "*physic*" occurs in verse 129 in conjunction with Anthony's afflictions. He was lame from his earliest days and suffered from defective eyesight :

"When wilt thou (Opportunity) be the humble suppliants' friend.

And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?

Give *physic* to the sick, ease to the pained ?

The poor lame, blind, halt creep, cry out for thee."—129

The fourth line would apply to "your sad mother, A. Bacon" herself in any circumstances, but especially in these.

The two first lines were most likely suggested by the Earl of Essex in a very short letter to Francis Bacon: "I will take the first opportunity I can to move your suit. . Your most assured friend."—Sept. 1593. The date allows it.

This is not an attempt to bolster up a theory by distorting the poet's meaning, and it should also be realised that all lines dealt with occur in six of eight consecutive verses, excluding those from verses in support.

That incidents in connection with the Bacon family might be reflected in a poem by Shakespeare is not strange to those who believe that such poems emanated from Gray's Inn.

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, FORGER.

"None of the references to 'The Ile of Dogs' which appear in 'The Diary of Philip Henslowe,' edited by John Payne Collier in 1845, are of value, as the researches of Mr. Warner have proved them to be forgeries."—*F. J. Burgoyne, editor of the first published edition of the Northumberland manuscripts.*

IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE MS. POEM IN SPENSER'S TOMB?

By R. L. EAGLE.

IT is recorded in the "Annals" of Camden (1551—1623) that Spenser

"was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of Essex, his hearse being attended by poets, and mournful elegies, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the grave."

Camden's connection with Westminster School, and his reputation as historian, are sufficient guarantee of his accuracy in this statement. Unfortunately he does not mention the names of the poets who attended the funeral, and whose tributes were deposited in the grave in 1599. Six years before this event Shakespeare had published "Venus and Adonis" and had followed this with "The Rape of Lucrece" in 1594, both dedicated to Lord Southampton, the friend of the Earl of Essex. These poems were discussed and extolled in literary circles, and their author would have had a prior title to a right of being present. Among the closest friends of Robert, Earl of Essex, were Antony and Francis Bacon, while others probably attending were Ben Jonson, Drayton, Chapman, &c., and perhaps noblemen such as the Earl of Oxford and Sir Walter Raleigh.

The chance of recovering a poem by Shakespeare would be sufficient justification for the carrying out of a search. The official guide to Westminster Abbey, published with the sanction of the Dean, says that Shakespeare was "probably" among Spenser's contemporaries who threw their elegies into the grave.

The approval of the King, on the recommendation of the Dean, would have to be obtained before the tomb could be opened.

In April, 1927, the "Daily News" followed up a letter

264 Poem in Spenser's Tomb?

which I wrote to the editor on this subject by approaching the Dean (the Very Rev. W. S. Norris), who replied, "it would depend entirely on how the proposal (to open the grave) was presented. We might consider it, if we were approached by a committee of well-known literary men." Interviews with some distinguished Shakespeareans resulted as follows:

In favour:

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Robert Lynd, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Baliol Holloway.

Against:

Mr. Bernard Shaw, Sir John Martin Harvey, Sir Sydney Low, Sir Israel Gollancz, Sir Henry Newbolt.

Comments appeared in several other newspapers, mostly in favour, but nothing was done to form a representative committee. Possibly something might be done through organizations such as the Camden Society, the Bibliographical Society, the British Empire Shakespeare Society, &c., all of whom have distinguished literary men among their Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Patrons. The Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors did place the matter before his committee, but with what result I do not know.

As Mr. A. E. W. Mason observed, "there ought to be no hesitation in opening Spenser's tomb. There might be a priceless work by Shakespeare and, in view of the evidence that poems were thrown into the grave, steps should be taken to recover them. To open the tomb would not be desecration, and might add a glorious page to English literature."

Apart from mere literary value, any original and undisputed manuscript in the handwriting of Shakespeare or of any of his great contemporaries would be a priceless national possession. The matter is one which is well worth the attempt, but it requires a cautious procedure, I should like to have it discussed by the Council of the Bacon Society to find out the best method of approach.

SHORTHAND.

By DOROTHY GOMES DA SILVA.

FROM time to time the question has arisen in debate as to whether or not there were shorthand writers in the days of Francis Bacon. Undoubtedly there were; and, equally undoubtedly, he made use of them.

Shorthand is of considerable antiquity; indeed, its actual origin is unknown. Certainly in early days of the Old Testament it was an established fact, and accepted as part of the regular routine. There were two classes of clerks—scribes and ready-writers. The scribes wrote what was known as “fair hand” and the ready-writers wrote shorthand. Ancient Egypt and Babylon also had their rapid writers, who employed shortened forms and signs in order to take down messages or to chronicle events, and the Greeks and Romans adopted the same plan.

Early in English history shortened forms of writing occurred, and it stands to reason that much of the first writings must have been in this manner. The caligraphic media of early times were infinitely more clumsy than are ours to-day, and full writing was a laborious business: but men spoke quite as fast, and, in one way, time was even more precious, for lighting was scarce and reproduction was slow. From the time of the Roman Civilisation, shorthand, in one form or another, has been in pretty constant use in this country, and in Tudor times there was a clear distinction made between the writers from dictation and the more clerkly workers. The former were known as “pens” and the latter as “copiers.” It was the duty of the “pens” to take down the spoken word, and of the “copiers” to write out in full form. Sometimes signs were employed, and sometimes just the ordinary words in abbreviated form. May I point out that, whenever we use the “Amperzand” we are really dropping into shorthand?

The contention has probably arisen from a not unnatural

confusion between Shorthand and Phonography. Nowadays the two are almost (not quite, remember "Speed-writing") synonymous; but, formerly, this was not so. It is difficult to prove—at least, *I* have no evidence—that actual phonography was employed in England during Tudor or Jacobean times, but shorthand was. It was, however, mainly a literal abbreviation of the English script in ordinary use. Modern shorthand is based chiefly on phonography; but, it is necessary to remember that these signs are mainly those employed in much earlier forms, and, frequently enough, are only the abbreviations of archaic Eastern alphabets, used by the "ready-writers" of a bygone age. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that several of the "cabalistic signs," for using which men and women were burned as wizards and witches, are to-day taught in our schools under the various systems of phonography.

The Ancients were so far right, that they have about them this much of alchemy—they can turn the knowledge of man into the making of, if no longer gold, at least paper of golden value.

STRATFORDIAN IMPOSTURES.

THE BIRTHPLACE.

I.

WHEN Garrick's Shakespeare Jubilee took place at Stratford-on-Avon in 1769 to commemorate the National Poet who was said to have been born in that village, a great deal of local interest was aroused and enterprising persons set to work to discover any relics of their hero as they thought might prove valuable. The first attempt was to find the house in which William Shakspeare was born, although that had been demolished long before. Owners of small property vied with each other to palm off their questionable holdings at fabulous prices to the eager and unwitting purchasers. The site ultimately selected "as the most likely abode" was Henley-street, because it was found to be in the same street as other small property once held by his father, John Shakspeare, although the exact spot was unable to be identified. The evidence that his father "occupied" such property was presumptive, for it rested on a record of the local authority shewing that he had been prosecuted and fined in 1552 for maintaining an insanitary as well as unsightly heap of stable manure in front of his dwelling-house in this street. It was found, further, that he purchased the copyhold of a house in the same street (position also unknown) in 1556; and he was occupying another hovel as late as 1597 with another adjacent for which he paid rents to the lord of the manor of 1s. 1d. and 6d. per annum respectively. Halliwell Phillips—that most cautious of Shakespearean researchers—describes these as cottages with thatched roofs supported by mud walls. Be that as it may, there were no fewer than three such "houses" in which it was claimed that the "poet" was born, and this perplexity remained until the Town

Clerk, so it was said, ordered one of these to be pulled down as insanitary, when only two remained to claim the honour. And it is quite certain that the house in Henley-street now commonly regarded as the Birthplace was not only *not* the one in which William first saw the light, but it is almost as certain that he was never inside it.

The American showman, Phineas T. Barnum, undertook to purchase the structure for transportation across the Atlantic. A local newspaper announced that the local antiquaries would then be likely to prove that the house in question never was Shakespeare's at all and that the Yanks had bought a pig in a poke.*

At a meeting held in Stratford for the purchase of this so-called birthplace on behalf of the nation in 1847, a circular letter was prepared giving the "facts" and appealing for funds. One speaker moved to amend the wording of the circular by the insertion of the word "probable" in the designation of the property as the birthplace. The motion was received in uproar, and voted down on the ground that if the *public* were acquainted with any doubt upon the subject, the money might not be forthcoming.

When it was subsequently bought, a Mrs. Hornby opened it as a museum of "relics"—a purely private enterprise. The sole "relic" in 1777 was an arm-chair in which it was stated the "immortal" sat. Some time later a Russian princess, anxious to acquire so priceless an article, bought the chair for the modest sum of twenty guineas, and carried it off. But when, in 1815, the famous American, Washington Irving, visited the museum, he found it still in its accustomed place!

Mrs. Hornby afterwards "collected" a number of other "relics," as carved oak-chests, portion of a carved bedstead, an iron deed box, a sword, a lantern, pieces of the celebrated (but only legendary) mulberry tree, a card and dice box, one of Mrs. Shakspeare's shoes, a glass goblet

*"Stratford-on-Avon, under the management of its oligarchy, instead of being, as it ought to be, the centre of Shakespearean research, has become the seat of Shakespearean charlatanry."—*Halliwell-Phillips* (Stratford Records, 8.).

made expressly for the dramatist in his last illness, and the table at which he wrote his great dramas! The historian of Stratford and author of the local Guide Book, Mr. R. B. Wheler, mercilessly denounced all these "relics," without exception, as "scandalous impositions," and that "it was well known that there does not exist a single article that ever belonged to Shakspeare."

When the "birthplace" passed into the custody of trustees on behalf of the nation in 1847, the "museum" was refurnished with other "relics" not less ridiculous or imaginary. One of these was a desk at which William sat at school, although it has never been proved (but frequently asserted) that he was ever inside a school. Moreover its size and shape were comparatively modern and such as was used by ushers and never by pupils in the last century.

There is also a signet ring, with the initials "W.S." engraved on it and said to have been found near the Parish Church in 1810. As Edwin Reed remarks:—"a labourer's wife, walking through a much-frequented mill-close, accidentally put her foot on it, where it had been lying undisturbed (as the faithful believe) since Shakspeare's death." There is also a new portrait of the "poet" kept in a fire-proof safe and only brought into view, when visitors are numerous, with great solemnity. This portrait was found in a lumber-room of the Town Clerk about 1871. Nobody knew anything about it, how it came there, or who it was supposed to represent. In his *Portraits of Shakspeare*, Mr. Norris tells us that "the face was covered with a large black beard and moustache,—the beard so arranged as nearly to cover the face, utterly disfiguring it."

An artist was called from London who thought he discovered that the beard had been painted over the face at some time subsequent to the date of the original work, and that he would be able to remove it! Was a suggestion thrown out? He removed it, and lo! found that it was "an undoubted likeness of Shakspeare."

A new custodian of the birthplace being wanted, the

late Mr. John Morley recommended one Mr. Joseph Skipsey for the appointment, as he was a man of known probity and honour. He was appointed. But after staying some time and diligently devoting himself to his labours, he suddenly resigned to the amazement of all his friends, but declined to furnish any reasons for the course he had taken. To one very close friend, however, Mr. Cuming Walters, one-time editor of a Manchester newspaper, he did confide the reason of his self-retirement, but with a proviso that it should not be made known until after his decease. This was published in the *London Times* in due season. The substance was this: he had been so "disgusted with the innumerable frauds to which he found himself committed there in the discharge of his official duties." He also declared that the so-called "relics" had become "a stench in the nostrils."

H.S.

(To be continued).

“THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED ON LITERARY FORMS.”

“Two great original minds, investigating the same subject, might, and in all probability would, arrive at the same general conclusions; and as truth is one, the profounder their intellects, the more likely they would be to concur; but no two original minds classify alike, for originality may be said to consist in the power of making a new classification, that is, of subjecting phenomena to a new principle of arrangement, the selection of which depends upon affinities and processes of thought that are peculiar to each mind and constitute its originality. To say, therefore, that two original minds classify alike is a contradiction of terms. Yet between the writings of Bacon and these plays, there are seemingly coincidences that indicate an identity not only of philosophic views, but also of the distribution and even the nomenclature of the subject. If then these similitudes be not entirely fanciful, if they shall be found to be too numerous and systematic to be considered casually it will follow that there is some connection between the plays and the Baconian philosophy, and consequently that between Bacon and Shakespeare there existed some personal relation, the nature of which, however, must be left to conjecture since neither history nor tradition makes any mention of it.”—*Henry J. Ruggles* (1895).

ANOTHER CRYPTIC SIGNATURE.

In the *Traite des Chiffres*, par Blaise de Vigenère (1586) a curious table of letters (16) is to be found on p. 200, in which a secret number is assigned to these letters. Gustavus Selenus cites this table in the *Cryptography* on p. 288 (in the late Sir E. Durning-Lawrence's copy, on p. 287)!

H	I	L	M	N	O	P	R
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S	T	V	A	B	C	D	E
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29

By the law of anagrams given in Camden's *Remaines*, the letters in this table form a perfect anagram of

MR. BACON, EDIT OPUS. L.

The figures by cross count give support to this rendering, and suggest that the final letter L may be read as the number 50, which is the equivalent of the word "Rosa," as well as being the Roman equivalent of that number.

The final and initial letters of the top horizontal row of letters are indicated by the numbers 2 and 9, or conversely, 9 and 2. 92 is the secret seal of *Bacon*.

The sum of the numbers in *Cross* count of the first horizontal row, 2 up to 9=44.

The sum of the second=60 or 600. Multiply 44 by 6=264. 92+172 Bacon-Shakespeare,=264 (Cabala). Add 6 to 44=50="Rosa." Thus "Rosa" to Cross Count or Rosa Crosse.

H.S.

BACON'S GREAT AIM.

"One of Bacon's chief aims was to emancipate the mind from its enthrallment to the Aristotelian logic, which, though of use in its appropriate sphere, was, he contended, wholly inadequate to cope with the subtlety of nature. He therefore brought forward a new method of induction, which admits no conclusions, except upon proof of sense and experience, and this, too, in all the gradations of inference from simple particulars to the highest generalities. This is obviously in direct contrast with the method commonly practiced by the mind, which, after gathering a few and in most cases quite inadequate number of facts, hastens to generalize upon them; and accepting the propositions thus obtained as incontrovertible truths, adopts them as premises, by which to prove the intermediate propositions. This latter or deductive method, which was the one almost universally in fashion previous to Bacon's age, is exposed to many errors; the facts or proofs it relies upon are few in number and insufficiently tested, the conclusions derived from them are hasty and unsound, and the syllogisms founded on such conclusions are untrustworthy, since 'syllogisms consist of propositions and propositions of words; and words being but the current tokens and imperfect signs of things and full of deceit and ambiguity, necessarily vitiate the conclusion. It was to combat and do away with this unsatisfactory mode of arriving at truth that Bacon invented his 'organum' by which he sought to 'make the mind a match for the nature of things.' "—Henry J. Ruggles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF HAMLET.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—A scholarly investigation into the date of composition of "Hamlet" has been undertaken by A. S. Cairncross, M.A., D.Litt., and the result of his researches has recently been published by Macmillan in a volume of 200 pages. His conclusions are briefly summarized as follows:

(a) The complete "Hamlet" represented (with a few modifications) by the Second Quarto was written for the Queen's Men, by Shakespeare, late in 1588 or early in 1589.

(b) This version, being too long for the stage, was at once "cut," the shorter version (also with a few modifications) being represented by the First Folio text.

(c) The First Quarto (1603) is a memory-piracy made from the "cut" version, about August-September 1593, for the "broken" Pembroke company.

(d) The following plays, from which the pirate included echoes in Quarto I, were therefore written and acted before August 1593:—King John, Twelfth Night, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Pericles, Othello, The Merry Wives of Windsor, The Spanish Tragedy, Edward II, An Humorous Day's Mirth.

To arrive at this early date for the Shakespeare play it is essential to demolish the argument of the orthodox that Nashe, in his Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon" in 1589, alluded to a play of "Hamlet" by Kyd or some other author. This is accomplished convincingly and without difficulty as, if the whole of Nashe's Epistle be studied it will be found that the remarks are not applied to *one* playwright but to a "school" of dramatists who had modelled their plays on Seneca and that "Hamlet" is merely mentioned as an example.

Less convincing is the theory that the "pirate" responsible for the mangled Quarto I of "Hamlet" was a certain actor in Pembroke's company who had played Marcellus. The reason given is that the scenes in which Marcellus appears come nearer to the correct text than the rest. Elsewhere he finds echoes from the lines spoken in the dialogues of Lorenzo and Balthazar in "The Spanish Tragedy," and from the part of the King in "Edward II." From this evidence it is assumed that the "pirate" had played these parts and re-wrote "Hamlet" from what he remembered for the purpose of using it when Pembroke's company was driven by the plague into the provinces in 1593-1594.

As Dr. Cairncross has dated "Hamlet" (not by any commentator reckoned among Shakespeare's early plays) only two years after the supposed date of the Stratford man's departure for London I was forced to the conclusion that he rejected the traditional faith. He makes no attempt to explain how the young provincial could have

shaken off his native patois and, in its place, built up a vocabulary and degree of culture and learning which has been the marvel of succeeding ages.

The truth is that "The Spanish Tragedy" has been fathered on Kyd without a foundation of what can be called evidence. The play is generally supposed to have been written in 1583-1585. It was licensed in October 1592. The first quarto is undated, without an author's name. The next is dated 1594—also anonymous. The editor of The Temple Dramatists Edition finds a great likeness "both to 'Titus Andronicus' and to Hamlet'." He adds that "in the case of 'Hamlet,' these similarities, together with Nash's significant allusion, have led to the conclusion that Kyd himself was the author of the earlier, now lost, play on the Danish Prince." Is it not just as reasonable to suppose that the author of the Shakespeare plays was also the anonymous author of "The Spanish Tragedy"? On page 301 of "The Shakespeare Symphony" Mr. Harold Bayley gives a clue as to the identity of this concealed dramatist. He quotes from a letter written by Bacon in 1594 to Fulke Greville when discouraged by fruitless applications for employment:

"What though the Master of the Rolls, and my Lord of Essex, and yourself think my case without doubt, yet in the meantime I have a hard condition, to stand so that whatsoever service I do to her Majesty, it shall be thought to be but *servitium viscatum*, *lime twigs* and fetches to place myself; and so I shall have envy, not thanks. This is a course to quench all good spirits, and to corrupt every man's nature. I am weary of it; also of wearying my good friends."

This fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal;
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless *twigs*
And sees not that wherewith the bird was *limed*.
Thus hopeful men that mean to hold their own
Must look like fowlers to their *dearest friends*.

Spanish Tragedy III-4.

Mr. Bayley points out that the accordance here is highly remarkable. Bacon, a hopeful man desiring to "hold his own," lays the plot by looking to and soliciting his dearest friends; they prosecute his point, but Bacon fears that Her Majesty will perceive the "limed twigs."

In 1601, Ben Jonson was paid by Henslowe for additions to the play. These are presumably the interpolations found in all later editions from 1602 onwards. These additions include six lines in Act III., Sc. 11, which are so forced and ridiculous that there is a strong suspicion that they were introduced for some special purpose:

Why might not a man love a Calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking Kid,
As for a Son? Methinks a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse Colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a Son.

Is the proximity of "frisking Kid" and "young Bacon" intended as a clue to the author of the play? There can be little doubt that this is so. The author of the additions to the "Spanish Tragedy" would not have written such seeming trash without a purpose. There is nothing superior in the whole play to Act III., Sc. XIIa, which is one of the interpolations Coleridge thought must have been done by Shakespeare! In his lines to the memory of "The Author" of the Shakespeare Folio, Ben Jonson's "frisking Kid" becomes "sporting Kid":

And tell how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.

It will be noticed that Ben Jonson mentions three names associated with works which, after most careful consideration of the evidence they contain, have been attributed to Bacon. It is significant that Ben Jonson should have mentioned three names whose fame reached the pinnacle thirty years before, while the style employed by "Lyly" had long been out of date, and his plays forgotten.

To return to the problems raised by Dr. Cairncross's book, I must say that I doubted whether it could possibly have been written by an orthodox Shakesporean because, if its conclusions were accepted, it would shake what remains of the Stratfordian foundation. I decided to find out for myself and wrote to Dr. Cairncross to the effect that I was wondering how his evidence for the early date of "Hamlet" would leave the question of the Stratfordian authorship, as it was impossible that the player could have mastered the language in the short time between his departure from his illiterate town, and the writing of the plays. I added that his vocabulary must have been limited to his native dialect and his education equally confined.

Dr. Cairncross dodges the difficulty with the skill of the learned professor and proves himself a worthy M.A., D.Litt.! He replied "Your assumption as to the illiteracy of Shakespeare seems to me a *fetitis principii*." There is now no doubt about the orthodoxy of Dr. Cairncross, but his distinguished colleagues will not thank him for upsetting the apple-cart, however unintentionally it may have been done.

R. L. EAGLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—In the *Morning Post*, 19th Oct., 1936, I read that, "Redgrave Hall, near Diss, Suffolk, once owned by Sir Nicholas Bacon, is presumed by many to have been the birthplace of Sir Francis Bacon, although this is given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' as York House, London.

If there be any truth in this statement, we have another mystery enshrouding Bacon's life.

"Linda,"
Owlsmoor,
Camberley.

Yours truly,
W. A. VAUGHAN.

16th November, 1935.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—

THE FOLIO MISPRINTS IN "RICHARD II." and
"RICHARD III."

The statement has frequently been made that in revising the text of "Richard II." the author worked over a copy of the 1615 quarto, because there are a number of printer's errors in the quarto which are repeated in the Folio. According to the Editor of *John o' London's Weekly* (November 9th) these errors are brought forward from the 1608 quarto. On similar grounds he challenges the argument that the Folio text was based on the 1622 "Richard III." The 12 printer's errors found in both the 1622 quarto and the Folio texts are, he says, to be found in the previous quarto of 1612. I have no access to 1608 quarto of "Richard II." or the 1612 quarto of "Richard III.," but possibly somebody can settle these points which are important to the discussion on the Shakespeare authorship.

PALLAS SHAKE-SPEARE.

Page 103 of the 1636 Edition of Barclay's "*Argenis*" has this allusion to Pallas:—

"The Image of the goddesse that was worshipped before the Altar, was fierce, and becomming the Armes shee wore. Her bended brow, what with the sharpe cast of her eyes, and her Helme covering halfe her fore-head, did shew most beautifully terrible. Her lookes, though fierce, yet resembling a Virgin.

"She held a golden Speare, which the people oft thought the goddesse had shaken, being deceived by the diversitie of rayes reflecting from the gold's brightness."

It may, or may not be, significant that the allusion to Pallas as if shaking a speare, occurs on page 103 which is the numerical value of the letters contained in the name Shakespeare.

POETIC LICENSE.

On page 348 of the same edition of the "*Argenis*" are some observations on the liberties of time and place allowed to poets. As Stratfordians have frequently quoted Shakespeare's anachronisms as examples of the ignorance of the poet, the following is *apropos*:

"The liberty of poesie is such they may erre beyond the limits of truth to please the itching eare, and with the more freedom because they know that what they faine is not beleaved; it is a matter rather of an innocent jest than of a shamelesse lye."

I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

R. L. EAGLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—Mr. H. Kendra Baker, in the June number, quotes Spedding at some length, and in one passage (p. 159) I notice a reference to a letter alleged to be written by the Earl of Southamp-

ton to Lord Ellesmere in which he calls William Shakespeare his "especiall friend," and pleads for consideration for the Blackfrais players whose house has been ordered to be pulled down.

I suggest that attention might have been drawn to the fact that this letter ("discovered" by J. P. Collier and published by him in *New Facts*, 1835) is now recognized by Shakespearean scholars as a forgery. Consequently there remains no evidence that the actor ever made any friends above his own station.

103, Gower Street,
London, W.C.1.
10th August, 1936.

Yours faithfully,
C. L'ESTRANGE EWEN.

WHY WILLIAM LEFT HOME.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—I heard it suggested, at a lecture if I remember rightly, that the line in sonnet 74:

The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
is a hint that the poet went in fear of assassination. It seems a very innocent line, and one would think, merely a poetical allusion to Time and his scythe, or "crooked knife."

But if the line does convey the hint, should we not in all fairness hand it to the Shakspeareans who have so little ammunition, because in *Venus and Adonis* "doubtless" written at Stratford-on-Avon, we find something like confirmation:

Or *butcher-sire* that reaves his son of life.—128.

I am sure they would appreciate it.

Yours truly.—W.H.D.

AUGUSTUS AND HATERIUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—I feel that I must call in question the view taken by "Veritas" in No. 83 of *BACONIANA* that the reference in the marginalia of Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," "*Augustus in Hat*," is seriously to be taken to apostrophize the Stratford actor, to say nothing of the unsavoury revelations from the elder Seneca of the disreputable character of Haterius, with whom Jonson is supposed to have drawn a certain analogy in the lives of the two men. The plain and unmistakable implication to be drawn from Jonson's note is the passing of a mild censure on the subject of his note—not of other vices but of one to which we all know that the real "Shakespeare" was addicted. Indeed, Bacon confesses that in his early days he was given to verbosity; and the mere use by Jonson of Seneca's other lines has no bearing; it was also an habit of Jonson's to paraphrase the writings of the Ancients and put them forth as his own without due acknowledgment, leaving scholars only to detect their source or origin. The evergreen "Drink to me only with thine eyes," was dished up from scattered lines in the writings of Philotratius in much the same way, but Jonson's genius lay in re-arranging them as to make so charming a song.

That "*Augustus*," in the mind of Jonson, was a typification of *Bacon* and not the actor is pretty certain, since the former, in another page of his book, holds up Bacon as the modern Augustus; and "the *acme* of our langague."

Yours, etc.,
AJAX.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

It has been said by superficial critics that the ideas of the early alchemists relating to the physical sciences were superstitious guesses about things they did not understand, but which the progress of modern science has at length reduced to intelligibility. But with regard to the doctrine of the transmutability of metals and the feasibility of turning baser metals into gold, it has been shewn by Bohr, according to Max Planck (one of the foremost of the world's physicists of today) that the *gold* atom is different from the *quick-silver* atom only by the lack of one single electron in its composition.

I remember a famous physicist, many years ago, demonstrating to his fellow scientists the artificial manufacture of diamonds (carbon crystalization). The only drawback was that the process was more costly than the product. So with the artificial manufacture of pure gold, as things at present stand. But science will eventually succeed in bringing its manufacture within the region of profitable enterprise. Then will end the tyranny of usury, on which the iniquitous, inequitable distribution of wealth, and the division of classes,—the humbug, hypocrisy and chaos of our boasted civilization depend; as Francis Bacon in England, no less than Abraham Lincoln in America,—each in their day,—were conscious of, and apprehensive for the future destiny of mankind. But we are to-day on the eve of great events and no one is able to accurately foresee whether civilization is going under, or whether the world will be better off without it. We shall have to "wait and see," as the late Lord Oxford would have said.

In the alchemy of wit, Francis Bacon has shewn us how to discover many hitherto undiscovered secrets. In his useful and illuminating work—*Bacon is Shakespeare*—the late Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence called attention to that remarkable volume in Latin published in 1624 (the year following the issue of the *First Folio* of "Shakespeare") entitled *Cryptomenytices et Cryptographie à Johanne Trithemio*. (I may report with pleasure that Mr. Lewis Biddulph is making good progress with an English translation of this all-important work.) The author of *Bacon is Shakespeare* did more than call attention to this Key-work of the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, for he went some way towards the elucidation of the emblematic devices with which its pictorial title-page is particularly adorned. I say "went some way," for the simple reason that well-informed as he undoubtedly was, and well aware of Bacon's literary escapades, he apparently missed the complete understanding of the double side of Bacon's characteristic make-up or Janus temperament, which, certainly, few not born during the latter half of the month of January will be able to appreciate.

In Sir Edwin's reference to the lower emblematic figures of the title-page mentioned, where is seated a man at a table, with pen, ink, and writing on a desk, there is another man standing behind him, holding a head-covering of some sort with his left hand near the other's head, either in the act of placing it upon his head or taking it off. Both men are clearly noblemen as their garb makes manifest. Numerous conjectures have been made as to the men's personality, many quite wide of the mark. Referring to him in the

sitting posture, Sir Edwin says—"He is . . . engaged in writing his book, while an Actor, very much overdressed and wearing a mask something like the accepted mask of Shakespeare, is lifting from the real writer's head a cap known in Heraldry as the 'Cap of Maintenance.' " Now, Bacon always left a loophole of escape from any quandary in which he might someday find himself. What Sir Edwin overlooked was the patent fact that the emblematic page itself is a "double" one, and that the double character of these two characters has been secretly disclosed by the author—"the man in the moon," as he is described in the Dedictory poems prefixed to the work. So the man writing was not intended to represent the Stratford yokel, but Bacon, and that is the important point, for the standing figure is none other than the Duke of Lunenburg, the patron who aided Bacon to publish the work, as correspondence in the Wolfenbüttel library confirms.

The important secret revelation of this title-page depends upon whether you confound the head-gear in the left hand of the Duke ("Gustavus Selenus") with the 'Cap of Maintenance' in Heraldry or whether you have the means of comparing the figure in the sitting posture engaged in writing with a real picture of the Abbot Trithemu printed elsewhere in the book. It is true that his outer garment may be taken for a simple *monk's* gown, but the right sleeve of the *courtier* is seen quite plainly, if one looks for it. The sitting figure then, is the composite make-up of Bacon and Trithemius, just as Bacon and Shakespeare, as the Promus notes testify by implication, were "two faces under one hood." If we regard the so-called Cap of Maintenance, therefore, as a *mitre*, and "take away" the five letters M, I, T, R, E, from the name Trithemius and translate the letters that are *left* just five places to the *right* by the Trithemius Double-Dial alphabet, sometimes called the "Clocke" cypher, the result reveals the letters B, A, C, O, N, when transposed.

Demonstration:

* * *	* * *
A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V X Z	* * *
S T V X Z A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R	* * *

I brought out this interpretation in the informal discussion on the 7th inst., but was met with the criticism that there was a "snag" in it inasmuch as the head-gear referred to could not well be described as a "mitre," but was more like the "fur cap" conventionally worn by abbots and monks in the 16th Century. I slept on that objection, but awoke with the consolation that in the old Cabala Cypher the words *mitre* and *fur-cap*, in their numerical equivalents, were identical (62=F.B.) and therefore amounted to the same thing.

At an "At Home" given at 10, Clorane Gardens, Hampstead, on Saturday afternoon, 21st November last, we had the pleasure of listening (in the discussion which followed Miss Leith's lecture on "The Merry Wives") to the Rector of Great St. Helens, Bishops-gate, who related the amusing circumstance that, on having associa-

ted the old Bull Tavern in Bishopsgate with the great Shakespeare, who had been reputed to have been a player at that house, he had looked up the parish records in order to see if he could find out anything of interest relating to him. And he sadly told that all he could find was evidence that he had decamped from that quarter as a debtor, but that he had been subsequently tracked or arrested at the Bankside in Blackfriars. Captain Jaggard is welcome to this crumb of comfort.

Our good friend Robert Atkins, who has now organized "the Bankside Players" in connection with Sunday evening performances of "Shakespeare" at the Ring, Blackfriars, produced recently three successive and successful presentations of *Henry VI*. More power to his elbow.

Much ridicule has been levelled at Shakespeare by certain supercilious jurists for having inserted "such extraordinary and impossible legal procedure into the trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice*." My friend, Mr. R. L. Eagle, writes me that he has discovered that the procedure is strictly correct, as a matter of fact, according to Roman law which was in force in Florence at the time of Giovanni. The author of *Il Pecorone* was himself a Notary of Florence and would, therefore, have been quite familiar with the law.

The sad death, since our last issue, of Lady Verulam, will be felt by all who had the good fortune to know her. Her sympathetic kindnesses on more than one occasion to members of our Society, and her intelligent interest in its studies and researches, will long be remembered. They will all feel her loss very deeply, and our sympathy goes out to the Earl of Verulam and her other relatives.

It may be interesting to recall a well-worn legend about an earlier relative, Lady Ann Grimston, of Gorhambury, whose tomb may yet be seen in the churchyard at the village of Tewin in Hertfordshire. It dates back to 1713. Lady Ann was the daughter of an Earl and the wife of a Baronet. She had lived a life of comfort and ease and was reputed to have been a fine wit and as having a very studious disposition. Little wonder that she had grown indifferent to time-worn superstitions. When she lay on her death-bed in her 60th year, a clergyman was called in without her knowledge, which irritated her beyond endurance. One by one, her relations came forward and bade their sorrowful adieus, to all of which she bravely responded with that philosophical stoicism she had always displayed during her whole life. The clergyman in question at length approached the bedside to offer, doubtless, some last word of comfort to the dying lady. But when she saw him she became furious and motioned him away with the following outburst: "Begone, vile hypocrite; do you come in my last hour to incense me? Have I not told you often enough there is no God? Bear witness, my friends, to what I say: if there is any truth in the Word of God, as you call it, may seven trees grow from my grave." In a short time after she sank and died.

The tomb is still to be seen, as I have said, but has been left to run to ruin and decay. It is oblong in form, and built of solid stone masonry. "But," adds the local historian, "there is something very peculiar about it that excites the curiosity of a stranger to a wonderful degree. Having split the stonework of the vault and forced away and broken in pieces the iron railings that fenced the tomb, seven trees rise to the height of some 20 feet. Literally, the trees spring from within the grave; and as the villager shows you the spot, he claims your attention for a few minutes whilst he relates in whispering tones the legend of Lady Grimston." The historian is not so credulous, for he concludes: "We would advise the reader of this legend to take it *cum grano salis*; for though the trees are most certainly there and in the position described, still this singular phenomenon may be considered as nothing more than one of the many freaks of Dame Nature." And he might have added the equally authentic story that the aforesaid legend was never heard of until years after the event.

The Bacon Society acknowledges, with many thanks, the gift of a valuable Elizabethan-period Wire Frame used in the production of Baconian and contemporary water-marks—then used, not as trade-marks, but as secret signs of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. This was exhibited recently at our literature stall at the London University College, on the occasion of the Conference of Educational Associations. The generous donor was Mr. Valentine Smith, whose production of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Scala Theatre for a Press fund benefit, was noted in our last issue. It is on the cards that another such performance—this time *King John*—is in contemplation.

We regret to announce that our worthy Baconian coadjutor, Mrs. Forster-Nietzsche (sister and biographer of Frederick Nietzsche the world-famous philosopher) died last year in Germany, the sad news being brought over by Dr. Ernst Fleischhauer, of Dresden, who recently spent some weeks in England to study the evidence available in the British Museum and Bodleian and other libraries in support of the Baconian thesis that the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ascribed to Robert Burton, was written by Francis Bacon, after the melancholy experiences connected with the tragic end of his mother (or foster-mother) Lady Ann Bacon. Equally sad it was to learn, also, that our gifted German historian, Frau Deventer von Kunow, of Weimar, has been stricken with serious illness.

The letter in the Correspondence column by "Ajax" raises a point of passing interest. Whatever view may be taken concerning the biographical analogies of Shakspeare or Shakespeare and the ancient Haterius, there is scarcely any room for doubt that Jonson regarded Bacon as the modern Augustus, and that any inference made to personally identify the subject of his mixed praise and censure to the actor Shakspeare is wide of the mark. When any 'ambiguity' of language, either by Jonson or Bacon, gives rise to doubt in the reader's mind, it is a good method to apply Bacon's (and Jonson's) known cypher formulae to the problem, and in the

present case, by doing so, we are rewarded by the necessary revelation, "hid and barr'd from *common sense*." Those who are familiar with Bacon's adaptation of the double A (alphabet) originated by the Abbot Trithemius in the 15th Century will find numerous modifications and examples of that particular cypher in the *Cryptomenytices* ascribed to "Gustavus Selenus" and published in Latin in the year 1624, simultaneously with an edition of Bacon's *De Augmentis*, in Paris. One of the examples in the former (that of Selenus) shows that in any given sentence or series of words, a secret may be contained, as key letters, each alternate letter, as the first, third, fifth, and so on, the even letters remaining unused and being left as "non-significant nulls" to confuse decipherers outside the cult, and with the object of eluding discovery. Who, then, according to the rules, was Augustus in Hat, which words form a marginal index, in Jonson's book, to the reference raised firstly by "Veritas" in BACONIANA, No. 83, and now by "Ajax" herein?

Demonstration:

AUGUSTUS IN HAT

AGSUIHT (Turn Dial 5 places to Right)=F. BACON, B. (Ben).

I wonder how many Baconians have seen or studied *Edward Pudsey's Booke*, undated, but containing intrinsic evidence of being in manuscript during the life-times of Shakspeare and Bacon. Little is known of Edward Pudsey, but he appears to have been mentioned in the History of the Forest and Chase of Sutton Coldfield, in which is noted that the Corporation of Sutton made a grant in perpetuity to "Edward Pudsey, Esq.," in 1604, of Langley Mill Pool. The Pudsey family became possessors of Langley in the reign of the first Tudor sovereign, Henry VII., according to Dugdale. In Shakspeare's day the Pudsey family were allied to the Grosvenor, Newsham, Stanton, and Harman families, and afterwards to those of the folliott, Jesson and others of good standing and social position. It appears that a grant dated 3rd Oct., 1591, from Thomas Stanton, of Wolverdington, county of Warwick, gent., and Richard Pudsey, gent., his son and heir, of his manors, &c., of Wolverton and Langley, Co. of Warwick, in trust for a settlement on his marriage with Mary, daughter of the said George Pudsey, included one of the tenants endorsed on the memo. of attornment named "Thomas Shaxper."

In the Pudsey papers there are copious extracts from the immortal plays, the *Merchant*, *Titus*, *Romeo*, *Rich. II.* and *Richard III.*, *Much Ado*, *Hamlet*, and an unknown or lost play of "Shakspeare's, entitled *"Irus."* With regard to the latter, from which six extracts have been hereby preserved, it is thought to be highly probable that the recorder had some access to the manuscripts before they were printed in quarto as he is careful to set apart and distinguish between the extracts from "Shakspear" (*sic*) and from "Jonson's" "*Evry Ma out of his humo.*" If the implications arising out of all this are to be trusted it is an important piece of documentary evidence, but it may conceivably be another of the numerous forgeries or inventions with which the devotees of the Stratford myth have been associated. H.S.

BACON SOCIETY LECTURES.

Since the last issue, the following lectures were given at 47, Gordon Square, W.C.I.

July 2nd, 1936. "The Aristocracy of Shakespeare." By Howard Bridgewater.

Sept. 3rd, 1936. "Pope and Bacon." By H. Kendra Baker.

Oct. 1st, 1936. "Of Masques." By Miss Alicia A. Leith.

Nov. 5th, 1936. "Coriolanus." By F. C. C. Habgood.

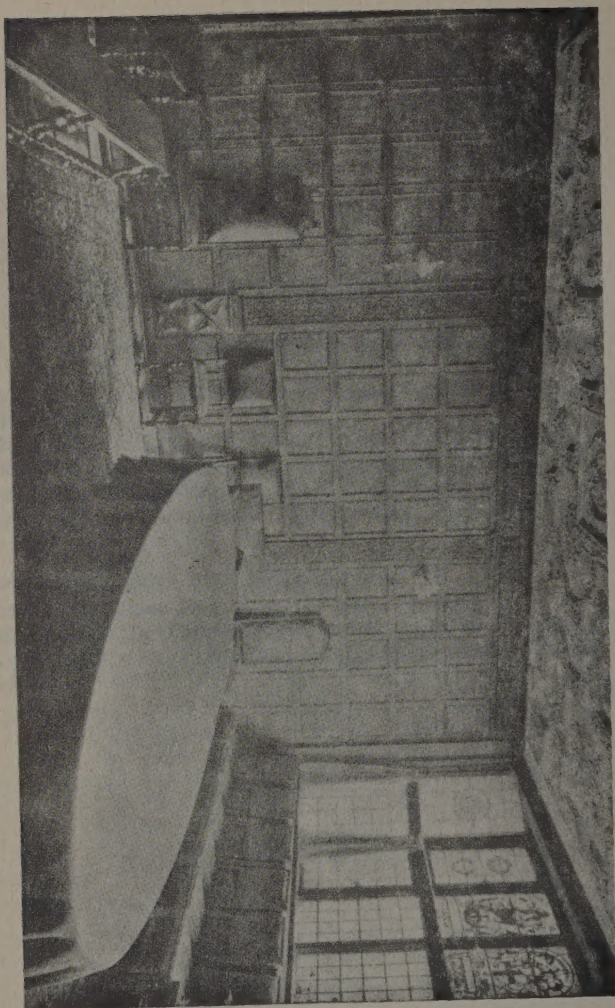
Dec. 3rd, 1936. "Parnassus in 17th Century Literature." By L. Biddulph.

The following have been arranged.

Jan. 7th, 1937. Open Meeting for General Discussion.

Feb. 4th, 1937. "Dr. Cairncross on Hamlet." By the President.

March 4th, 1937. "The Imperfect Miracle." By Miss D. Gomes da Silva.



A CORNER IN PRINCE HENRY'S ROOM,
17, Fleet St., E.C.